THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IX. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1876. NO. 1.

RELICS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The violets that you gave are dead—
They could not bear the loss of you;
The spirit of the rose has fled—
It loved you, and its love was true;
Back to your lips that spirit flies,
To bask beneath your radiant eyes.

Only the ashes bide with me—
The ashes of the ruined flowers—
Types of a rapture not to be;
Sad relics of bewildered hours;
Poor, frail, forlorn, and piteous shows
Of errant passion's wasted woes.

He grandly loves who loves in vain!
These withered flowers that lesson teach:
They suffered; they did not complain;
Their life was love too great for speech;
In silent pride their fate they bore:
They loved, they grieved, they died—no more.

Far off the purple banners flare,
Beneath the golden morning spread;
I know what queen is worshipped there,
What laurels wreath her lovely head.
Her name be sacred in my thought,
And sacred be the grief she brought.

For, since I saw that glorious face,
And heard the music of that voice,
Much beauty's fallen to disgrace
That need to make my heart rejoice;
And rose and violet ne'er can be
The same that once they were to me.

—*Galaxy.*

THE HIDDEN BROOK.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

What is this melody beneath the grass?
Come hither, stoop and listen—nearer yet,
And push aside the thick and tangled net
Of bending rushes and the brakes' green mass.

It tones the shrilling of the locust's glee,
And, like a harper's touches falling in
With high notes of a master's violin,
It binds a jarring strain to harmony.

Hush, bobolink! and cease to emulate,
Gay bird, thou hast not caught the gentle song;
Too many roguish thoughts together throng,
And mingle in thy carols to thy mate.

But, fresh from graver forest-symphonies,
The winds, in varied movement, low and sweet,
Within the pines and birch-trees may repeat
This sweetest of the meadow's melodies.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Uncle Seth's Cooking-Match.

BY MARY MORRISON.

Uncle Seth was—was, Uncle Seth! He was a character by himself. There was never anybody like him, and he was not like anybody.

He was an old bachelor, but he took care of so many poor widows and fatherless children that he seemed more fatherly and husbandly than my papa, who had only mamma, Bob and me.

He was very rich, but he lived in such a plain house and wore such simple clothes, all out of fashion, that nobody would ever have known how his gold was piled up in the bank.

Uncle Seth was always thinking; but he never told his plans until he surprised us all by something splendid none of us had ever dreamed of. But he never wanted any thanks, only he liked to sit and look at us, and rub his hands as he saw how we enjoyed it.

"They said" Uncle Seth was disappointed when he was young. That he loved a pretty, gay young girl, but before he asked her to marry him, he thought he would go to sea a second time, and "make his crown a pound." But she, with all her love and romance, without a thought for the practical part of life—what a bother that is, anyway—thought he did not care for her; and that she might get rid of her disappointment the quicker, married his friend who staid at home.

"They said" that the widow Nelson, who had lately came to Riverbanks to live, with her daughter, was the very one; but Uncle Seth said nothing about it. He did not know they were poor and took in sewing. But we did not dare to ask any questions, and I don't think he had heard of it.

We had just been having a spelling match and were discussing it when Uncle Seth came in.

"Hurrah! Bob," he said. "So you beat all the boys in the High School Academy in spelling. I congratulate you."

"Yes," said Bob, complacently; but I had to fall at last."

"What was the word that brought you down?"

"Zinziberaceous," he answered smiling.

"Enough to bring anybody down, I should think," said Uncle Seth, sympathizingly. "Does it mean the condition of things in the ark?"

"No, it means pertaining to ginger. So Smart says, in Webster."

"The man must be smart who invents such words as that," said Uncle Seth. "But Pollie," said he, turning to me, "why don't you girls get up some kind of match? I thought girls were fond of making matches."

"Do you suppose we could ever have courage to spell in the Town Hall, Uncle Seth? I believe I should forget how to spell dog."

"What is the use of having a spelling match? We have had a spell of spelling, until every one is sick of the sound of the word. Excuse me, Bob; I mean all but the heroes of the occasion. But Pollie, I propose a cooking-match."

"Good," said papa.

"Capital!" cried Bob. I'll be on the tasting committee!"

"We'll give you the zinziberaceous articles to try," said Uncle Seth, laughing.

"What is the rest of your plan, Seth?" asked mother.

"I propose to give a prize of five dollars for the best cake, twenty for the best bread, and five for the best fancy tea-dish. I propose that we give this notice publicly, and that the articles for competition all be sent in to the Town Hall two weeks from to-day at eight o'clock; and that a committee of three ladies—there's luck in odd numbers, you know—be appointed as judges. I propose that we have music and readings, and at the end announce the prizes and pass around the cake, and I will provide lemonade.

"But," said Bob, "you have made no provision for tickets. Is it to be free?"

"No. We will have a limited number of tickets at a dollar apiece, and the surplus money shall buy flour for the poor widows of the town."

I clapped my hands and kissed Uncle Seth, and told him he was the most splendid uncle that ever was made, but that two weeks was too short a time for me to practice.

Bob laughed at this, and expressed his desire that I would not give the family the benefits of my experiments in the meantime, as he had too fresh recollection of asking for bread and receiving a stone, once upon a time. That was only too true; but he played base ball with the biscuit and won the game for the first time, so he had no right to complain.

Then mamma—dear practical mamma—reminded Uncle Seth that he had not limited the age, and asked if she was to be permitted to try for the prizes.

"There! I did forget that," he said. "It shall be open to girls under twenty. I think it would be rather discouraging to the younger ones to see proofs of skill like yours placed in comparison with theirs.

And this was the way that our cooking match was planned.

The long-wished for evening came at last, and only one addition had been made to Uncle Seth's plan, and that was that those who sent in contributions should be admitted free.

The hall was beautifully trimmed with evergreens and mayflowers; the tables were covered with snowy white cloths, and each had a pretty centerpiece of flowers; the place for the band was among the green cedars and flags in the gallery; and the platform was arranged with red, white and blue drapery, evergreens and candles. There were seats in the center for the judge and committee of award, and the steps where the successful aspirants were to go up for their prizes were carpeted with blue and bordered with pots of white geraniums. The girls themselves, all with white aprons and jaunty muslin caps, were to wait upon the people and pass the lemonade and cake after the prizes had been given.

The committee had their room back of the hall; and after the commencement of the entertainment, when every dish had been seen first by the audience, they were carried to the committee to be inspected. There were seats in the hall but the people promenaded as the band played; and when the readings were given out, they sat down and listened. By-the-way, Bob was not put on the tasting committee, and he says he shall not forgive him as long as he lives. I know he will before Christmas, though. Bob never picks up a quarrel with any of us during the month of December.

Just here I must tell you a bit of conversation I heard between Uncle Seth and mother the night before the cooking-match.

"I think you have planned a capital thing, Seth, to interest the girls in cooking. There has not been such an excitement in Riverbanks for months; and that is a branch of housewifery they all neglect, at least nearly all. I heard a young lady say the other day that she was going to housekeeping in a week and do her own work, but she had never cooked anything in her life but chocolate caramels."

"Yes," said Seth, "and the worst feature of it is, they boast of their ignorance."

"They won't do that in Riverbanks now for you have made it the fashion to cook. But why did you add fancy tea dishes?"

"Because so few women understand cooking them, and a savory bit at tea is always appreciated. Something beside pies and cakes, or instead of them—something with a character to it. Brains can be used in cooking as well as anything else."

"Calf brains and pluck?" asked mamma, laughing.

"No; New England brains and New England pluck, which all our girls have if they would only use them. By-the-way, Maria, do you remember that Turkish *pillaw* (pronounced *pelaf*, a description of rice boiled in rich mutton-broth and tomato-water, and a great favorite in Turkey) Helen used to make from the receipt I brought from Constantinople? No one else could ever do it so well as the people in the East, except Helen—my Helen, you remember, Maria?"

I had been wondering who this Helen could be, whom I had never before heard of; but when he spoke in a lower tone and said "my Helen," then I knew.

While the people were listening to the music, I slipped into the back room to see Uncle Seth. The committee were buzzing like three great bumble-bees, and Uncle Seth was looking on quietly, rubbing his hands and smiling, when, suddenly, the three women all stopped stuttering and held up their hands in horror and wonder. At last one of them spoke: "What in the world is this mess?"

Then the third says: "It is colored salmon." As if that in itself were enough to condemn it.

Then the third, as if a new idea had occurred to her, proposed to taste it.

"You may," said the first, "I don't want to. It's something from the shanties, I know."

Then Uncle Seth came forward and looked. You ought to have seen his face, first he turned red, and then white and then went back to his chair.

What could it be? Whatever it was, only one woman dared to taste it, and by universal consent it was put aside.

Then I went round by Uncle Seth and said softly:

"What do you suppose it is? A kind of witch compound—

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and owlet's wing,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips—"

"It would take the nose of Turk to know it, or else mine," said he. Bring it here, Pollie. Let me try it. I don't want any of the girls to be disappointed.

So I brought it, and he tasted it, and said:

"Yes, it is *pillaw*, just what I thought. It deserves a prize and shall have it."

I was so curious—so different from girls generally, that I could not resist the temptation of asking: "Who do you suppose made it?"

I had gone a step too far. I always am doing that. Uncle Seth looked sober and turned away without answering me.

But just then the band began to play "The Watch on the Rhine," and I forgot all about the *pillaw* and went back into the hall.

The time of triumph for some of us had come. The judge had taken his seat in the large chair on the platform. How I did hope my bread would get the prize, just to stop Bob's tongue! But boys are so aggravating, and bread is so contrary. I knew it wouldn't get the prize, for I was sure it did not raise quite enough. Mother says her spirits always rise and fall with the bread. I was pondering on the trials of life in this misanthropic way when suddenly I was called back to what was going on about me by the announcement of the first prize:

"Miss Mary Lawton, twenty dollars for the best bread."

Oh! what a thrill she must have felt as she went up through the flowers with her eyes sparkling and her blue ribbons waving. How glad I was that she had got it. To be sure, I—but never mind—

"Miss Hettie Smith and Miss Pollie Webster; five dollars each for the best cake; both equally good.

And now I was to go up among the flowers! I was to have a prize! It was lovely to see the others, but to have a prize one's own self! It is rather nice, isn't it? Especially when one hasn't become sanctified—and I can't be that before Bob goes away to college, if ever.

"Miss Martha Felstone; five dollars for the best fancy tea dish."

Then Uncle Seth said: "There is another prize I should like to give for the best fancy tea dish, but I am told it is left without a name. It is the Turkish *pillaw* which is made to perfection, and is as good as I have ever seen in Constantinople. If the young girl who has made this is in the hall, I shall be glad to give the last prize to her."

No one moved. The Committee looked at each other and at Uncle Seth in a bewildered way. I should have been convinced that it was the "witches' work" but for Uncle Seth's conversation with mamma.

"I do believe," I whispered to Bob, "that we are on the edge of a love-story."

Bob looked at me as if I were an idiot; so I didn't tell him what I guessed.

But no one claimed the prize, and after refreshments the cooking-match was over, and such a gay evening we had, never before had been in Riverbanks.

What I told Bob, or what I intended to tell him, was true, and we were not only on the edge of a love-story, but right in midst of it.

Uncle Seth found the girl who made the *pillaw* at last, but instead of giving her the five dollars, he gave her mother —"my Helen"—his own splendid self and all he had. And now the plain house will bloom all over with roses, and Uncle Seth will buy a new hat—people always do when they get married, and he will have a chance to eat *pillaw* to his heart's content.

By the way, Uncle Seth laughed so the other night, just after the wedding, when I asked him soberly, if he didn't believe in cooking matches. He looked at "my Helen," sitting by his side, and said, rubbing his hands: "Yes, Pollie, it was a very good match, wasn't it?"

Holland has 12,000 wind mills in operation each doing a six or ten-horse power service through the twenty-four hours. They are kept up at an annual cost of $4,000,000, and perform all the service required of steam engines at one-twentieth the cost.

The Living Room.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

Let us begin with the frank abandonment of any formal parlor, but, taking the largest and pleasantest and most accessible room in the house, let us give it up to the wife and children in the daytime, and to the meeting of the whole family when evening comes. There is not much need at the present time to emphasize this suggestion, for it is one which experience and necessity have already made to a good many people; and now that the problem, "How to get a dwelling at a rent within moderate means" is being solved by the increase of "flats" and apartment houses, the "parlor" must be given up, there being no provision made for it in the common plans. But it is by no means my notion that the living-room should be a homely, matter-of-fact apartment, consecrated to the utilities, while the Muses and Graces are left to kick their heels in the hall. On the contrary, we want in the living-room, for a foundation, that the furniture shall be the best designed and best made that we can afford, and all of it intended to be used and necessary to our comfort; not an article to be allowed that doesn't earn its living, and cannot prove its right to be there. These wants being provided for first, then we will admit the ornaments of life—casts, pictures, engravings, bronzes, books, chief nourishers in life's feast; but in the beginning these are to be few, and of the choicest, and the greatest care is to be taken in admitting a new-comer. The room, from the very first, ought to represent the culture of the family,—what is their taste, what feeling they have for art; it should represent themselves, and not other people; and the troublesome fact is, that it will and must represent these, whether its owners would let it or no. If young people, after they have secured the few pieces of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to be, have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to go to work to supply this want as seriously as they would the other, which seems the more necessary, but in reality is not a bit more necessary. I look upon this ideal living-room of mine as an important agent in the education of life; it will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and cheerful room, or only a homely and bare one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives any dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it. But it has a real vital relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a great deal more than it is, and therefore no trifling matter whether we hang poor pictures on our walls or good ones, whether we select a fine cast or a second-rate one. We might almost as well say it makes no difference whether the people we live with are first-rate or second-rate.—*Scribner.*

Fever Infection.

Men of science speak of epidemic waves, and of scarlet fever being communicated by the few drops of milk which you pour into your tea, or cream diffused in a dish of strawberries. On a late occasion, at a fashionable dinner-party in London, as many as eight or ten guests, and seven members of the household, took scarlet fever. Obviously, the infection must have been caught at the dinner-party; but *how* was the puzzling matter of inquiry, for no one in the family of the host was known to have been affected with the disorder. Was the disease brought to the house by a waiter? Was it conveyed in the table-linen from the washerwoman? Was it somehow incorporated in the cream that had been used in the dessert? An investigation on these and other points, as we understand, was made, but not with any satisfactory result. The cream was thought to be most likely the medium of infection; but how could any one be certain on the point? The cream employed in fashionable dessert in London is possibly made up of half a dozen creams from as many dairies and inquiry ends only in vague conjecture. Rather a hazardous thing, one would say, going out to dinner where you may run the chance of being killed in a manner so very mysterious. People, in their innocence, are not aware of the manner in which contagious diseases may be communicated by public conveyances, by articles of dress, by dwellings, by the very atmosphere. We have just heard an instance of the communication of scarlet fever by means of a "kist," the name usually given in Scotland to a servant's trunk. A servant girl in Morayshire fell all with scarlet fever, and died. Her kist, a painted wooden box, containing all her worldly goods, her later clothing included, was sent home to her relations, and lay for some weeks at a station on the Speyside Railway before an opportunity occurred for removing it by a cart to her mother's cottage among the hills. During this interval the station-master's children, in romping about, conducted their gambols on the kist, which was a repository of contagion, and in due course were struck down with scarlet fever. At length, the fatal kist was conveyed to its destination, and the contents were dispersed among friends and neighbors. The donations were kindly meant, but they proved fatal. No precautions had been taken to disinfect the articles, the result being that wherever the clothes of the deceased girl were taken in, scarlet fever found its victims. For several months the fever raged, until the wave of its infection was expended. Now ensued a remarkable event. The outbreak proved to be an opposing barrier to the spread of a more virulent type of scarlatina advancing from another quarter at a later period of the year. On reaching the former scene of the disease, it was arrested for want of material to feed upon; a second attack being very unusual.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The German Christmas.

It is strange that Christ's mass should be the great festival of the year in Protestant Germany. In Catholic countries New Year's day is the grand fete when visits and congratulations are exchanged, and bonbons and *etrennes* fly about as at carnival times. With us Christmas means good cheer, full houses, blankets, coal and clothing clubs; plum-puddings dance while "greasy Joan doth keel the pot;" gardens are robbed of their greenery; fair damsels decorate the churches; there is feasting in the hut and flirting in the hall; full services, neighborly greetings, peace and good will all around the parish. The holly, the yew, the ivy and the rosemary, climb up the pillars of the sanctuary; the jolly mistletoe hangs in the halls; no matter if "coughing down the parson's saw," he cuts his sermons short without any scruples at defrauding religion, and sends them all home to their plum-puddings. It is Christmas, and the people want to be happy in their homes.

But a German Christmas differs widely from ours. There is more sentiment (as we have seen) about, and less solid hospitality. More bustle, mystery, and preparation, but less religious fervor. The churches are bare and empty—the poor owe less to the bounty of the rich. It is more a domestic festival, celebrated in each household for its own special members, than a stretching forth of the arms of brotherly love, of tenderness, of charity, of loving kindness, which would fain embrace the whole world and greet all humanity anew. No, the rapture of rejoicing that greets the nativity in rational Germany quite loses sight of the great origin of the popular festival and it is only in fanciful utterances that the child learns something of the Christ whose mass it is. It may be that the lonely legends with which the babe is fed sow the seeds of unbelief in his mind, and that, later on, he finds, with dismay, that the religion of his childhood can never be the religion of his riper years; that all the fanciful fiction, and sweet, graceful stories which made him worship with the magi, and tremble at the manger, are but so many foolish fables with which his innocence has been cheated. It has been said by a great divine that a child should be drawn up to Heaven, not Heaven brought down to him; and, looking at the outcome of German Protestantism, one is not inclined to dispute the assertion.

The Mason's Grave.

In all the past ages the bodies of the Masonic dead have been laid in graves dug east and west, with their faces toward the east. The practice has been borrowed and adopted by others until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the final day shall come and he who is death's conqueror shall give the signal, His ineffable light shall first be seen in the east; that from the east he will make his glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with His mighty power, that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail, will raise the bodies which are therein. We shall long be buried, long decayed. Friends, yea nearest and dearest, will have to remember where they laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains be leveled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Ocean lashed into fury by the gales today, will to-morrow have sunk like a spoiled child to her slumber. Broad trees with broader roots, will have interlocked them above our ashes, as if to conceal the fact of our having lived; and then after centuries of life, they too, will have followed our examples of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever lain here. But the eye of God nevertheless, will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their very basis, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer.

Instinct of Whales on the Approach of Danger.

Sperm whales have a means of communicating with each other at long distances—how long has never been determined; but certainly at distances as great as are commanded by the eye from the mast-head of a ship, or in a radius of six or seven miles. The means are a mystery, but every whaleman has observed the fact, and has based his operations in the chase upon it. It has been suggested that, as water is so good a conductor of sound, it may be by that; but the distances are too great for any sound which the whale is capable of making to penetrate, and it is observed that the telegraph is as perfect as ever in high winds when a thousand waves are breaking. Dart an iron into a he-whale or gallie him by going on his eye, and almost simultaneously with his cutting flukes in the air the whole school will show alarm by running and cutting their flukes, or by disappearing from the surface, and coming up miles to windward and running head out.

If it be a female that is struck, the males are arrested in flight, and are apt to gather about her, and offer chances for more than a single whale. Again when a school of cows and calves are frightened to windward and a calf be struck, the whole school will "bring to," and gather closely around the wounded young, sometimes so closely packed that the enclosed boat will not dare to use the lance; and they will thus remain as long as the calf is alive or the iron holds. But should the iron draw or the calf die, the whole school will instantly scatter. Whaling captains have taken pains to observe from the masthead, when a boat was going on to a whale to leeward, the effect on the school miles to windward; and soon as the eye could turn from one spot to the other, the alarm of the struck whale to leeward would be communicated to those to windward.

Some Agricultural Items.

Pumpkins can be raised upon trees by simply placing a few of them under the trees during the blossoming season.

Scrape your seeds before planting, and they will grow trees that will bear fruit without any peelings on them.

Bend the limbs of your young trees down and cover their tops with earth, and when they have taken root, cut them from the tree and grow them wrong end up, and they will bear fruit without seeds.

To keep worms from your trees, draw a line on the ground around them, and shoot all the worms that cross the line—a shot gun is best, as it takes a good shootist to draw a bead on a worm with a rifle.

White beans should be raised on the south side of the barn, sheltered from the north wind.

Onions can be raised without any unpleasant smell to them, by grafting them on to parsley or summer savory. It is best to raise beefsteak and onions together.

Fish balls can be raised by enriching your lands with codfish This I did not believe myself until I had tried it.

Salt your land to raise watermelons, it makes them thirsty. Grandfather raised one in this way that he had to tap it for the dropsy.

In planting corn, it is best to put a charge of powder in each hill, and if your corn does not come up promptly, you can blow it up. Any quantity of corn can be raised in this way, no matter how poor the land is.

Brown bread is best raised from the seed, but some prefer to buy it raised from the yeast at the baker's.

Egg-plants can be raised best with a little *hatch it*.

The hardiest chickens are those hatched from porcelain door-knobs, but few hens have perseverance enough for the business.

These are a few of the ideas on which I have successfully farmed for years.—*Joel Stoper.*

A Truthful Sketch.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good: if not the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favorite smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself upon his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or to do, this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and, stop paying once in a life time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral seive, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

Training Up a Boy.

Have you a boy from five to eight years old? If so, it is a matter of the greatest importance that you train him up right. Teach him from the start that he can't run across the floor, whoop, chase around the back yard or use up a few nails and boards to make carts or boats. If you let him chase around he'll wear out shoes and clothes, and nails and boards cost money.

Train him to control his appetite. Give him the smallest piece of pie; the bone end of the steak; the small potato, and keep the butter dish out of his reach. By teaching him to curb his appetite you can keep him in good humor. Boys are always good humored when hunger gnaws at their stomachs. If he happens to break a dish, thrash him for it; that will mend the dish and teach him a lesson at the same time.

If you happen to notice that your boy's shoes are wearing out, take down the rod and give him a peeling. These shoes were purchased only ten months ago, and though you have worn out two pairs of boots during that time, the boy has no business to be hard on shoes. By giving him a sound thrashing you will prevent the shoes from wearing out.

When you want your boy to go on an errand you should state it, and add:

"Now go as quick as you can, and if you are gone over five minutes I'll cut the hide off of your back."

He will recognize the necessity of haste and will hurry up. You could not do the errand yourself inside of fifteen minutes, but he is not to know that. If you want him to pile wood, the way to address him is thusly:

"Now, see here, Harry, I want every stick of that wood piled up before noon. If I come home and find you haven't done it, I'll lick you till you can't stand up!"

It is more than a boy of life size ought to do in a whole day, but you are not to blame that he is not thirteen years old instead of eight.

If you hear that any one in the neighborhood has broken a window, stolen fruit or unhinged a gate, be sure that it was your boy. If he denies it, take down the rod and tell him that you will thrash him to death if he doesn't "own up," but that you will spare him if he does. He will own up to a lie to get rid of a thrashing, and then you can talk to him about the sin of liars and bad boys, and end up by saying:

"Go to bed now, and in the morning I'll attend to your case."

If you take him to church and he looks around, kicks the seat or smiles at some boy acquaintance, thrash him the moment you get home. He ought to have been listening to the sermon. If he sees all the other boys going to the circus, and wants fifteen cents to take him in, tell him what awful wicked things circuses are; how they demoralize boys; how he ought to be thrashed before ever seeing the procession go by; and then when he's sound asleep do you sneak off, pay half a dollar to go in, and come home astonished at the menagerie and pleased with the wonderful gymnastic feats.

Keep your boy steady at school, have work for him every holiday; thrash him if he wants to go fishing or hunting; restrain his desire for skates, kites and marbles; rout him out at daylight, cold or hot, cuff his ears for asking questions; make his clothes out of your cast off garments, and you'll have the satisfaction, when old and gray headed, of knowing that you would have trained up a useful member of society had he not died just as he was getting well broken in.—*M. Quad.*

A Reminiscence of Secretary Stanton.

In the third year of the war, when flags were being placed over churches in Baltimore, Washington, and in many cities West and South, whose members were supposed to be disloyal, a house erected by Southern Methodists in Washington was dedicated. A minister of another denomination alone could be found to accept the service. As he approached the porch the flag was seen draped over the door. He deemed it his duty to maintain the principle of entire separation of church and state. Turning to the company assembled, he stated that duty forbade his officiating on the occasion; and his reasons would be given to the Secretary of War. Amid great excitement both of the suspected church and of army officials present, he returned home, and addressed a note to the Secretary, stating three reasons for his postponing the services: first, that neither the church members nor the excited crowd were in a frame of mind to dedicate a sanctuary to God; second, that there was a place to test loyalty, but that the sanctuary was not the place, since he who mistook patriotism for piety might mistake self-interest for patriotism; and third, that the suspicion expressed by the flag was a stain on Christian character, tested for years, which must be removed before they could be recognized by a minister of another denomination. With his characteristic vehemence the Secretary exclaimed, as the note was read to him: "He is in the right." The flag was down before 2 o'clock, and no flag from that day was allowed to be put over a church.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Going Home.

It was scarcely more than an hour's drive along a quiet country road. For a mile or two the reluctant village straggled after. Then we passed solitary farmhouses and laborers' cottages, a vineyard, an old graveyard, and the rugged sides of a rocky hill. And then a little belt of wooded swamp lands stretched out its arms of fir, and pine, and hemlock, full of spicy odors, and merry little birds, and squirrels and gray rabbits, all the summer long. In the winter this was the place where the fairies hung out their washings, and sometimes their pearls and diamonds. Beyond, the road grew rougher and narrower, winding up hill and down hill, over tumbling brooks and a noisy river.

But every rod of the way was as familiar as our father's house. We knew where and when to look for the waxen cups of shining laurel, for pink azaleas, for the earliest May flowers, and the latest trails of clematis and swinging southern moss. We knew, too, when a meadow fence had been built, or mended, and saw, with ready interest, every patch of new shingles on a way-side house or barn. We noted whose haying was coming on earliest, whose woodpile was largest, and whose corn promised best; while every face we met was the face of a friend. So with many a nod and a smile, and word of neighborly greeting, we drove at last faster, as we came to the end of our journey, up to our father's door.

They had heard from within the sound of our coming wheels, and there, on the threshold, stood our mother, smiling, and stretching out her hands. Presently, from across the street, and across the gardens, one and another of our friends came in, always so glad to see us. Glad to see us for ourselves, and glad for the ripple of outside life we brought to the quiet neighborhood. The table was laid with the choicest of farm and dairy; the little family troubles were brought out for consideration and sympathy as well as the family joys; and for our brief stay we were the centre of the household and neighborhood.

But of all the pleasures of the welcome home, the smiling mother with the outstretched hands is the dearest symbol now. It is eight years since the eager hands were folded for their rest under the grass on the hillside. Folded forever! We go and come, and come and go, but they beckon nevermore. We see the white headstone that says so little, and yet so much, from the windows of the room that was hers, but we see nothing besides.

Has that loving heart forgotten then? Are the hands to be stretched out to us never again? Are the swift feet stayed forever in their coming? No! No! It is only that our journey home is not yet accomplished. This empty, hungry, aching "mother-want" will be some day satisfied.

We are on our journey, up hill and down hill, and in all sorts of weather. Along familiar scenes, and among friendly faces. Nearer and nearer, faster and faster. Already they, within the veil, may have heard the sound of our coming, and be pressing to meet us with out-streching welcome. The things which God hath prepared have not entered into the heart of a man, but we have each our own thought and expectation of heaven. And for me, my heaven is as a going home. And as the heavens are higher than the earth, so will be the joy of that home coming higher than the joy of this.

My Lady's Plumes.

"As foolish as an ostrich," has long since passed into a proverb, and, unlike most sayings of its kind, is a true one; the bird being, under certain circumstances, one of the most stupid known to man. It must not, however, be imagined that the creature calmly allows itself to be approached and captured; far from that. At the slightest noise it starts off upon its lumbering course, and with distended wings rushes hither and thither pell-mell, running until it is completely exhausted, when it displays its innocence by hiding its head.

Some years ago I was traveling in Africa, and by accident, for I was after different game, came across a native engaged in collecting ostrich feathers.

It being impossible for us to accompany the man, we were obliged to content ourselves by viewing the amusement through our glasses, the ostriches being far too wary to allow us to approach them. The hunter dressed himself in the prepared skin of one of the birds, then, armed with a bow and arrows, started towards the group, distant about a mile, running just as an ostrich does when it has strayed from its flock. After trotting for a short distance he would pause and pretend to feed, then start off again, in circles, until he gradually approached the nearest of his prey, when he halted, dropped his neck in a very unnatural fashion, and, drawing his bow, shot the creature just behind the wing, after which he once more raised his disguise and proceeded to the next victim. It was amusing to watch the gravity of the other birds; and for some moments it seemed as though he would secure a second prize, but, alarmed by the unnatural action of his neck, the rest of the birds started at a gallop and soon thundered out of sight on the horizon. When running at full speed, the ostrich appears to skim over the ground, the motions of its limbs being so rapid as to thoroughly deceive the spectator.

Making the best of our way toward the hunter, we found him busily engaged in plucking the plumes and talking to the bird in a most comical fashion.

"Why don't you have better feathers? Ah, you scamp, you don't mind dying, now that your covering is so rusty! Come, not a single good one?

The bird proved to be old, and almost valueless, finding which the man grew more and more angry. However, before sunset he contrived to secure a specimen that was really worth capturing, and which, I should think, weighed three hundred pounds.

He informed us that sometimes the ostrich will turn and kick like a horse, and that he had known hunters to be pounded to death by the creatures. That night we partook of ostrich flesh; the fat of which was of a bright orange color, and was by no means unpalatable. We were also treated to a rude omelet compound of the eggs, which made us all very sick.

I have never seen these creatures hunted with horses, although I was informed that this method is sometimes followed. After we broke camp, the African packed his spoils in cases made of light wood, then started upon his journey to the nearest market—distance, four hundred miles.

When taken from the bird, the feathers are dull and uninviting in appearance, it being left to the art of foreigners to render them into those beautiful objects known as my lady's plumes.

The Fur Seal.

From Mr. Henry Elliott's report on the condition of affairs in the Territory of Alaska, the following new facts in regard to seals are extracted. Mr. Elliott is employed now in the Smithsonian institute, and is a young man of most superior attainments:

"The male fur seal at the age of six or seven years is described as an animal that will measure six and one-half to seven and one-quarter feet in length from tip of nose to end of tail, and weigh at least four hundred and sometimes as much perhaps as six hundred pounds. The head in comparison with the immense thick neck and shoulders, seems to be unproportionately small, but as we come to examine it we find that it is mostly all occupied by the brain; the light frame work of the skull supports an expressive pair of large, blue-hazel eyes, and a muzzle and jaws of nearly the same size and form observed in any Newfoundland dog, with the difference of having no flabby, hanging lips; the upper lips support a white and yellowish-gray mustache, long and luxuriant, composed of heavy stiff bristles. The forefeet or hands are a pair of dark bluish-black flippers, about eight or ten inches broad. The shape of the flipper is strikingly like a human foot, providing the latter were drawn out to a length of twenty or twenty-two inches, the instep flattened down and the toes run out into thin, membranous oval-tipped points, only skin-thick, leaving three strong cylindrical, grayish, horn-colored nails, half an inch long, back six inches from these shining toe-ends, without any nails to mention on the big and little toe.

As we look on this fur seal's progression, that which seems most odd is the gingerly manner in which he carries these hind flippers. They are held out at right angles from the body, directly opposite the pelvis, the toe ends and flaps slightly waving and curling above the earth. The neck, chest and shoulders of a fur seal bull comprise more than two-thirds of his whole weight, and in this long, thick neck and fore limbs is embodied the larger portion of his strength; when on land with the fore feet he does all climbing over rocks, the hind flippers being gathered up after every second step forward. These forget are the propelling power when in water, the hinder ones being used as rudders chiefly.

The females or cows, like the males, vary much in weight, but are much lighter, only weighing from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds. The strong contrast between the males and females in size and shape is heightened by the air of exceeding peace and amiability which the latter class exhibit. They are from four to four and a half feet in length from head to tail, and much more shapely in their proportions than the male, the neck and shoulder being not near so fat and heavy in proportion to their posteriors. The head and eye of the female are really attractive; the expression is exceedingly gentle and intelligent; the large, lustrous eyes, in the small, well-formed head, apparently gleam with benignity and satisfaction when she is perched upon some convenient rock and has an opportunity to quietly fan herself."

Preferences in Marriage.

As to physical preferences, I confess that I have felt sufficient interest in the subject to ask a score of short men the kind of stature they most admired in women, when they made the following replies: two for medium size, two for small, thirteen for tall, and three for very tall. But, as may be observed, twenty is hardly a sufficient number on which to base a theory; still, it is enough to indicate that there are probabilities in favor of it, and in the absence of more extended tests I am inclined to believe that, where there are sixteen for and only four against, the small man prefers the large woman.

In such a matter the rough sex is more outspoken. Indeed, it is a common topic among men to give a description of the woman they admire, while the modesty which belongs to women usually keeps them from entering into details after the masculine manner. It is only in moments of corner expansion that the woman confides to a friend that she has a marked preference, in which case she is more enthusiastic in her admiration than the man, and invests her type with the attributes of heroism.

If the affairs of civilized life permitted selection, unbiassed by any other consideration than that of natural attraction, guided as it would be by human intelligence, the race would of course reach a degree of perfection which it is far from possessing at present. Genius and learning would walk hand in hand with the Venus of Milo and the Apollo Belvidere. In this age the obstacles to such a race amelioration appear to be greater than ever for the most important considerations now entertained in the union of man and woman have but little to do with their mental, moral, and physical improvement.—*Galaxy.*

Corporal Punishment in the Schools.

Within a few years some of our communities have forbidden all resort to corporal punishment for refractory pupils. It is denounced as barbarous and degrading. An indiscreet administration of it arouses an excitement as indiscreet as the original sin. Instead of removing the one offender, we remove from all hands the weapon with which he has offended. It is always so much easier to generalize than to discriminate.

Nevertheless I relapse into barbarism sufficiently to suggest that, in the present state of our civilization and our school organization, corporal punishment is a means of grace which we cannot abolish, and have not abolished without injury. The necessity of using it is very, perhaps increasingly rare. The teacher who frequently and freely resorts to it is presumptively unfit for his duty, and to him all the power to use it should vest in the teacher, and is a preventive of mischief. Corporal punishment has never been abolished in the kingdoms of nature or of grace. Every teacher knows that there are boys, who, by some inward conformation or some defect of home training, do not respond to the ordinary motives of the schoolroom.

We give the little victims over, unhelped and hardened, to the cruel indulgence, to the fatal unwisdom of their untaught, uncapable guardians. To turn many of these boys out of school is to turn them upon the street, is to let them loose into a life of idleness and lawlessness. It is unjust to the parents, as well as ruinous to the child. The former have paid their share of the taxes which support the school and they have a right to all the benefit which the school is capable of bestowing. When they send their children to school, the school ought to teach and govern them, not send them home again. This is just what the naughty boys want. In very many cases the rod would not need to be used. The boy knows that by playing tricks, or by prolonged illness, or contumacy, or rebellion, he will be only sent adrift, he will play the tricks and wrench himself free from restraint. The sweeping away of corporal punishment from schools is the flowering of that tare of weakness which springs to vigorous growth side by side with the wheat of kindness in your rich American soil. It is the same vague, blind, emasculate, injudicious complaisance which winks at crime and shrinks from punishment and pardons out, and is not so far removed from cruelty to the community as it is from beneficence to the criminal. And always and everywhere it is, to the full measure of its influence, subversive of manhood and fatal to character.—*Gail Hamilton, in Independent.*

Teaching Children Courage.

Courage is a vital element of Christian chivalry. Without it indeed neither truth nor fidelity to promise can be hoped for. The coward is sure to lie when truth means punishment, and sure to retreat from his engagements when they involve peril. We need valiant souls that have learned to endure and scorn pain, and to face danger fearlessly and promptly when duty requires. Some parents evade this vital part of training by glosses and deception. A mother who has taken her boy to the dentist's to get a tooth out will often say, if he is shrinking, "Sit still, my my boy; it won't hurt you." Now she knows it will hurt him, but thinks if she can only get him by this device to sit still and let the dentist get hold of the tooth, then his discovery of the pain will not hinder its extraction. This is a double mistake. It

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... ....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., 6, Jan. 1876.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

VOL. IX.

With this issue the Centre Reporter enters its ninth volume. When we look back and see our commencement with a list of 175 names, now swelled near unto to 1200, we flatter ourselves that we have published a paper that met the wants and desires of the citizens of Centre. Our list has steadily increased from the first issue of the Reporter to the present writing—without offering Chromos, gifts, or sending out canvassers. We offered the Reporter upon its merits alone, and we are glad that it finds appreciation in so many families. Thankful for the friendship and good will shown us on many sides, which we have striven to merit, we promise that in the future our efforts shall be to sustain the reputation of the Reporter as the advocate of truth, honest men, and true democratic principles, trusting to retain all our old friends, and welcoming all new ones.

Gov. Hartranft has granted pardons to Parks and several of the miners convicted with him in Clearfield county.

Instead of making the taxing of church-property an issue, as he recommends in his message and to help in his third term aspirations, could Grant not as well have tacked on it whether the tax on whiskey shall be honestly collected or not.

Grant should first see that the whiskey tax is faithfully collected before he proposes to collect taxes off of church-property. What guarantee does he give that he will not allow his agents, the Babcocks, Averys, Joyces and M'Donalds to steal the church tax as they did the whiskey tax?

They have already scorched the White House, and if the prosecuting attorneys use all the evidence that will be brought to them in the Babcock trial they'll play hell with every man in the Executive Mansion.—*John A. Joyce, Missouri Penitentiary.*

Joyce having been a white-house pet, he ought to be booked as to what will play *Ikeh* with every man in the executive mansion. The whiskey thieves have been traced right into the white-house already, and the man next to Grant himself has been nabbed. The goose having hung allitudulum, as Babcock telegraphed to St. Louis after his ride with the President, it may possibly "play *Ikeh* with every man in the Executive Mansion" if "not a guilty man is to escape."

The amount of business and number of cases disposed of in the Clinton county court, last week, should be gratifying to the litigants as well as beneficial to the tax payers of our neighboring county. Judges Mayer and Orvis kept two courts in session, whenever the engagements of attorneys could be so arranged to suit. And we understand that it is the desire and intention of the Judges to continue holding double courts until the business now on hand shall have been disposed of. The last cases reached had been of three years standing, which is entirely too long, when the litigants are ready at any time, and anxious to have their cases disposed of in the shortest time possible. When cases are delayed so long, it is much more difficult to prepare for trial; the witness get scattered, some die, and the memories of some become impaired, which do not call the facts to mind as they existed at the time of commencement of litigation. When Judge Mayer was alone, his untiring efforts to keep the court business from accumulating, almost broke down his health, which made a visit to foreign climates absolutely necessary to enable him to recruit. This, of itself, was sufficient proof that the business of our courts was too much for one Judge, and the Legislature acted wisely in creating an additional Judge for this district. With Judge Orvis on the bench, the excuses on the part of the court for delay no longer exist, which will be a source of actual saving to the tax-payers of our district, as well as to all other parties concerned.—*Bellefonté Republican, 22d inst.*

CONGRESSMAN MACKYE'S VINDICATION.

It must be gratifying to congressman Mackey, of this district, to notice the favorable mention that is made of him, now that he is triumphantly elected and has taken his seat—we have reference to the favorable mention he now receives from some of the few who sought to prevent his nomination, and failing in that carried their opposition to the ballots box and attempted his defeat there. We are glad that at least a few of these *few* democrats who opposed Mr. Mackey's election are now seeing their error and are coming to his right hand. We trust that their motives are *honest, pure* and unselfish as Mr. Mackey himself is, and that nothing sinister is at the bottom of it. Our member of congress was immensely vindicated at the polls against the cry of "monopolist," "banker" and "ring candidate"—coming from some who should have stood by him—by the almost unanimous voice of his constituents at the ballot box, and to learn now that some of these at least, speak of him "as one of the best qualified and that no one will make a more efficient member," is a little additional vindication that will do to lay in store.

But, besides the gratification it no doubt affords Col. Mackey to have these pleasant acknowledgments made at a time when he does not ask for nor need them, we must accept them for him as entirely spontaneous and devoid of selfishness. We share in the gratification thus afforded—because the Reporter was one of Mr. Mackey's earliest supporters—the first to bring him out for congress—and with the large endorsement that followed throughout the district, the Reporter now sees with pleasure the admission of error on the part of his enemies, which is additional evidence that the Reporter was right and brought out the right man. The Reporter always was the advocate of good, honest, and capable men, and ever will be, and its recommendations and advice can be followed with safety. The Reporter, therefore is gratified to notice that those who were opposed to it and to Mr. Mackey are now "coming over" and admit their error.

We are confident that Col. Mackey will faithfully represent his constituents and that at the end of his term we can proclaim through our columns, "well done, good and faithful servant."

—In many towns and cities the Centennial year was ushered in by ringing of bells, illumination, and display of bunting.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

All the big and little bells of Centre Hall joined in ringing in the Centennial year, and made splendid music to the patriot's ear. The ding-donging of bells on New Year eve was enough to disturb George the Third in his tomb, and recall to his recollection tea-parties and stamp-acts; and the salutes from cannon, anvils and smaller fire-arms, that joined the glad songs of the bells from Maine to the gulf and from New York to 'Frisco were enough to give that long departed monarch the Bunker Hill nightmare, with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown for a side-show. But why let such sounds disturb him? the bells were not rung for his funeral, nor the salutes fired in honor over his grave—it was the glad shout of 40 million of Freemen who in one century after his attempted tyranny and enslavement of their three millions of ancestors, find themselves the possessors of his American colonies, independent, the happiest, freest, most enlightened and powerful nation upon the globe. For this

The bells were rung,
And songs were sung,
And cannon fired,
By patriots inspired,
Of revolution's fathers sired,
To keep Columbia Free and True,
That posterity may ring in Centennial Teo.
Now let all cannon roar,
Untillits echo reach o'er eagle's soar.
And all the bells ding-dong,
Our patriot sires would stand no wrong.
Let 1876 our Centennial Sabbath be,
Now one hundred years we have been free.

Then ring aloud, fire along the line
From January first to December Twenty-nine,
May Freedom spread from pole to pole,
And the tyrant's doom from every tower toll,
That Europe, Asia and Afric's folk,
Is free from all oppression's yoke,
And George the Third "unhonored and unsung"
While a universe reveres our own great Washington.
"Hail Columbia, happy land,"
In 1876 a mighthy band!
Forty millions now from three.—
View the acorn-now the stately tree,
As Liberty's blossoms full it bears,
Good fruit with all oppressed ones shares.

Now we have no patent on the above poetry; and further, we disclaim any thing of a personal nature between George the Third or John Bull and the Reporter. The little unpleasantness of 1776, has passed over and Uncle Sam gets along so finely since having set up for himself that none of his boys feels like giving him a black eye or blue shins—but we only feel like letting those fellows across the Atlantic creek know that we're all alive and kicking and intend to ring and shoot and celebrate and go on just one whole year, and invite them over to see our big show—admission 50 cents. While they can report only one sovereign, we can report 40 millions, and have room enough for 200 million more, and that, taken altogether we are quite a big thing on ice and know a thing or two and know how to make our mark. Johnny Bull may attend our big centennialbration and go to school here and learn something. Let them bring over any of their Glumdalclitches to compare with our own pretty American princesses, brought up on buckwheat cakes and corn-dodgers and in Freedom's pure atmosphere,—and who can cook a dinner, nurse a baby, chop a piece of wood and dance a quadrille as well, and bow as gracefully as a Parisian bell. We are up to John Bull in all these things, can beat him in a thousand others, and can whollop him if he don't behave civil.

A VOICE FROM JAIL.

The voice in favor of a third term though not from the tombs, nevertheless comes ringing from behind the prison bars, and Bishop Haven is not the first to make the nomination. Gen. M'Donald, the whiskey revenue thief, and Grant's pet now in jail for his crimes, nominates Grant in his cell, in the following strong language:

"Gen. Grant is one of the best and purest men this country ever produced. There is no man for whom I have more admiration than for him. Grant will be elected for a third term as sure as I am now in this jail. He is the man for the times, and the people intend to keep him where he is."

THE BOGUS LABOR CONVENTION.

THE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET IN COUNCIL —THEY RESOLVE THAT THEY ARE A CONVENTION.

Special Dispatch to the Times.

Tyrone, Pa., December 31.—The Associated Press was shamefully imposed upon, and through it, the leading journals of the country, by a bombastic report of what purported to be the proceedings of a Labor Reform Convention held in this place on Wednesday last. It was represented that one hundred and thirty-two representatives, delegates from various States were in council, and passed resolutions calling a national convention at Pittsburg; another instructing the Legislature as to its duties; another in favor of a direct election of President by the people; another against aid to the Texas Pacific Railway, and several others regulating such little matters as currency, national debt, resumption, and the management of public highways. When the Eastern daily papers reached here with the pretentious proceedings, our citizens were surprised to learn that such an important body had come, deliberated and left without observation. Upon inquiry I found that the "Junior Sons of Seventy-six" had been here in small numbers, but no Labor Reform Convention can be traced out, unless it was held in a garret or cellar. I found twenty-five names registered at our hotels from Pittsburg, Harrisburg, New York, Clearfield, Phillipsburg and Honesdale. If these were the one-third of one hundred and thirty-two delegates here for any purpose, they were successful in being invisible, and they must have fed on air. Mr. Doon, editor of the Labor Reform Tribune, was here, and a few peripatetic adventurers in politics, but they were here, as at home, without following.

From all cities and towns we see accounts of firing salutes, ringing of bells, illuminations, bondfires, parades, &c., on New Year's eve—the opening of the centennial year. Centre Hall kept pace with the rest of towns, in ringing in the centennial year.

A man in New York hung himself by accident a few days ago. He merely tried it to see how hanging felt. He stood upon a greasy box, slipped the noose over his head, and unfortunately slipped from the slippery box. He will not be at the Centennial.

A despatch from Salt Lake City, dated Dec, 31, says: There has been a heavy fall of show here for the past few days. The snow is now twelve feet deep on a level at Alta City, and no mails have been received from there during the past week. The Central Pacific train from the west was ten hours late at Ogden yesterday.

Because we are lucky enough to have a fresh cow, the Lewisburg Chronicle calls us a bloated bondholder. Pitty for him there are 53 miles 'tween us, we'd set up the cream.

A RADICAL'S CAREER.

IGNOMINIOUS DEVICES TO GAIN AN HONORABLE POSITION.

How Spencer Obtained His Seat in the Senate.

Montgomery, Ala., December 30.—The Spencer Investigating Committee reported in the Senate, which was crowded with spectators.

In summing up, the committee say that he (Spencer), during the election of members of the Legislature used means to secure for himself their votes; that he abused the army, postoffice and internal revenue bureaus of the Government. He brought the evils of war upon the people; caused them to flee their homes and abstain from voting. He prostituted his office for the purpose of bargains and briberies to secure votes for his re-election.

He corrupted United States officials for whom he procured Federal appointments and forced his appointees under threats of removal from office, to pay money, and some of them to commit crimes to obtain for him his election. He caused men to be appointed to sinecure positions in the Custom House, Postoffices and Revenue offices, with the intent and understanding that while in office they would not be required to render service to the Government, but would get their pay, and while so paid they would employ their time in securing pledges of votes and influence to re-elect him to the United States Senate. He paid and caused to be paid, money to members of the Court House Assembly to secure their votes.

He paid and caused to be paid money to members of the Legislature to defeat a quorum at the capital and thereby prevent the election of a Senator by that body, and his most trusted agent, J. J. Hinds, caused a member of that body to be drugged and almost killed to prevent his attendance. He dealt in United States offices as in merchandise to secure money and gain votes for Senator.

His managers, with his concurrence, caused a State Senator, for a money consideration, to break his pledge of honor to another Senator, having pre-arranged a scheme thereby to secure a seat in the United States Senate through his said managers. He procured the presiding officer of the Senate to connive at this fraud and to rule in violation of all parliamentary law and usage so as to unseat a Senator elected by the people and seat in his place a partisan of Spencer, who was not elected by the people and who had no certificate of election. He caused to be filled the lobby of the Senate with armed retainers to overawe Senators and sustain by force and violence what he had achieved by fraud. He used his power and influence and money. He contracted through his position as Senator to debauch men in office and out, so that in his conduct he was working evil continually.

The report was received and ordered printed with evidence and the committee given time to prepare a memorial to the United States Senate against Spencer's further occupancy of his seat in that body.

The report was signed by the whole committee on which both parties were represented.

One of the things that Republican papers do not tell their readers is that the Democratic congress intends to reduce the expenses of the government some forty millions less than last year. It is proposed to cut down expenses everywhere. The army is to be reduced to 15,000 men, which alone would save $8,000,000. When the country is nearly bankrupt, business is at a stand still, working men are on the verge of starvation, and everybody is economizing, it is right that the government should also be saving of the people's money, and thus reduce taxation.

Brother Moody missed a rare chance when he got Boss Grant on his platform at last Sunday evening's revival meeting in Philadelphia. Having managed to put him there, he ought to have prevented his escape without repentence. He made a personal appeal to Grant, but it was one which could not affect such a man. He ought to have addressed him on the danger of his career, explained to him the vile nature of the peculiar sins in which he indulges, warned him of the penalty of his evil ways, and implored him to repent and lead a new life. Brother Moody should have asked Grant as he often asked other people, to kneel down while being prayed for; he should then have asked him to stand up while Brother Sankey sang with him; he should then have made him show himself directly to the congregation; he should next have called on him to make public confession of his long-continued wickedness; he should have kept up this sort of thing, alternately appealing to him, praying for him, singing with him, and displaying him, till the hardened sinner was laid low. It would doubtless have taken Brother Moody a long time to describe the various sins of Grant, even if he only mentioned them in groups; and it would have taken Grant a very long time to make such a confession as is required from penitents. But even if the meeting had lasted through the whole of Sunday night and passed into yesterday, the audience would have remained together; and if Grant had been converted, the consummation would have been worth all the trouble.—*Sun, 21 ult.*

The resolution pending in the House as offered by Randall, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for the correspondence and documents relating to the Whisky Ring, will be pressed to a vote when the House reassembles, and it is believed will be passed. The objection which has been made that to furnish these documents would embarrass the Government in its pending prosecutions and inquiries, is offset by the fact that the Secretary will not be required to submit any of that nature. The correspondence which the department it is said is not averse to submitting is rich with important revelations. The latest Chicago story that the Government has promised immunity to all of the illicit distillers who will turn States evidence lacks confirmation here.

The Supreme Court of Maine decides that the holder of a ticket from one point to another on a railroad, has a right, after traveling part of the distance, to travel over the remaining space in the opposite direction. G. B. Broad held a ticket from Bangor to Boston; he used it from Portland to Boston and then attempted to use it from Portland to Bangor, and has just been awarded $714 damages for himself and wife in being put off.

Market street bridge in Philadelphia was recently destroyed by fire. While discussing what should be done Col. Thomas A. Scott came forward and offered to build a good wooden bridge that would meet all demands till the city was ready for a better one. He undertook the job, and at about cost he put it up, and formally presented the finished work to the city on Christmas day. The bridge is 540 feet long by 48 feet wide and the whole work was done in the remarkably short time of three hours less than twenty-one days!

KHOKAND—THREE HUNDRED INSURGENTS KILLED.

London, December 21.—The Invalide Russe states that emissaries from Khokand had incited the tribes subject to Russia in the neighborhood of Urapete Turkistan to revolt. The Russian troops attacked them and were at first repulsed, but subsequently gained a victory. Three hundred insurgents were killed in one engagement. The insurrection is now suppressed.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE SLAUGHTER OF 2,000 EGYPTIANS.

New York, December 24.—The Weser Zeitung of Bremen. December 8, contains the following account of the capture and massacre of a detachment of Egyptian troops by Abyssinians, briefly reported some time ago by cable. We have had news from Abyssinia. An expedition of about two thousand men, sent by the Khedive under command of General Arendrop, a Dane, to subjugate Abyssinians was drawn into ambush and nearly every man slaughtered. General Arendrop, Pasha and many other officers were literally hacked to pieces, their heads stuck on spears before the Abyssinian tents and their bodies sent to wild beasts. Mackillop Pasha is said to be alive and a prisoner. Of Colonel Routh, the American, nothing is known, and only one officer, Schweizer, escaped. An expedition, comprising twelve thousand men of infantry, cavalry and artillery is to be sent out from Cairo without delay and will be joined by every American in the Egyptian service including Colonel Stone.

Hereafter the government clerk is to be required to work until four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of three. This was decided at a cabinet meeting on Tuesday, and will go into immediate operation. It will be a sad blow to the poor overworked clerk. Any one who has been at Washington knows what a severe time the average government clerk has always had. Under the strict and inhuman discipline of the departments he has been compelled to get out of a comfortable bed and rush pell-mell to the office at least as early as ten o'clock; he at once dives into the arduous labor of reading the newspapers, and when that is done, tired and exhausted he puts on his overcoat and goes to lunch, and as the rules require him to be back in a couple of hours, he finds time to play only five games of billiards, and hastily swallows some oysters with a few glasses of ale. Then he rushes back to his business; arranges the paper weight on his desk, opens a new box of steel pens, and then finding it is three o'clock, the weary, worn-out clerk rushes home to oil his hair and seek a little relaxation in a game of poker or a visit to his girl. How he is to endure such drudgery for another hour a day we cannot see.

A married woman named Boyon has been condemned to death at the Lot Assizes, France, for murdering her seven children and granddaughter by pushing needles into their bodies. She had ten children, seven of whom died under twelve months old, but it was not until the death of her granddaughter that an investigation was made. Her apparent motive for this last crime was that the child might die before its father, who was in a desperate condition, and that she might thus secure part of his property, to the prejudice of her daughter-in-law, whom she detested. When asked how she came to think of sticking needles, she said that at the public house she kept there was one day a conversation on infanticide, and it was said babies did not suffer when murdered in this way.

A correspondent of a Williamsport paper recommends Auditor Gen. Temple for President. This building up of temples might create a confusion of tongues.

Gov. Curtin is nominated for the presidency by the Steubenville (Ohio) Gazette (democratic). It says he would carry Ohio and Indiana.

IMPORTANT WHISKEY ARRESTS.

Chicago, December 31.—Mr. A. C. Hesing, leader of the opposition party and candidate for County Treasurer at the last election, and manager of the Staats Zeitung, was waited upon this afternoon by a Deputy of the United States Marshall with a warrant, arrested and taken before United States Commissioner, Phil. Hogue on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the revenue of the United States in connection with the whisky Ring. The Commissioner fixed his bail at $50,000, which he furnished. Ex-Police Superintendent, Jacob Rehm, was also arrested and gave bonds in the same amount. B. H. Miller, the retiring County Treasurer, and Jacob Minthy, former Deputy Collector, were both arrested and gave bonds in the sum of $20,000 each.

FROM HARRISBURG.

The Democrats held a caucus in the House at seven and a half o'clock on Monday evening. Seventy-four members were present with Jos. S. Lusk Chairman.

Mr. Reighard (Lycoming) offered the following:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the caucus that the House is organized ready for the transaction of business. Carried unanimously.

According to this resolution, the House continues its present officials.

While there is a diversity of opinion among both parties about the present session of the House being a continuous one, a large majority will undoubtedly favor commencing business de novo in the House.

ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

Critical Condition of the Georgia Statesman.

Atlanta, Ga., January 1.—A special despatch to the Atlanta Constitution reports that the Hon. A. H. Stephen's condition is unfavorable. His nephew, Clarence Stephens, does not think he can recover. the trouble is a severe cough and expectoration. Dr. Steiner, the physician attending says the bronchial tubes are affected, but not the lungs. The Rev. Dr. Duncan brought a message from Mr. Stephens to the Methodist watch-meeting at Dr. Harrison's church in this city last night, saying: "I have but one prayer I wish offered for me, and that is the will of the Lord be done." During the visit of Mr. Duncan Mr. Stephens asked him to sing "The world is all a fleeting show," and also Wildek's "My life is like a summer rose." It seems certain that Mr. Stephens himself recognizes the early approach of death.

—We would esteem it an especial favor if every friend of the Reporter would send us the name of at least one subscriber, with the Cash—for three months, 50 cents; six months $1,00, and one year $2. Reader, won't you try and do us this little favor, and will repay you by improving the Reporter. Send us the names of six new subscribers, with the Cash, and we will send you the Reporter one year free.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—It is the oldest as it is the best lady's book published. With each subscriber for 1876, will be presented the beautiful chromo of "The Morning Call." This is a very handsome picture, and was gotten up specially for subscriber's to Godey's.

For the Reporter.

CHEAP INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

No sober citizen can look without concern on the fearful increase of intemperance among us, nor ask without solicitude, what is to stay its desolating progress. To say, that we want more virtue, is only saying, that we have too much vice, "and is only to discant upon the evil we wish to correct." One of the means of correction for this great national vice, and to curtail to a certain extent their use, is to *lay a tax on spirituous* liquors, such as must exclude them from that common use, which now bring temptation to every man's door, every day and every hour of his life, and it would comport with sound policy and the best interests of the country to levy and collect a much larger portion of our revenue upon liquors consumed at home. It would be important in a *financial*, but much more so in a moral view. And upon whom would the tax fall? invariably upon the consumer of the liquor. He would never carry the intoxicating draught to his mouth without first "casting his mite into the treasury." Should it be objected that the Treasury would derive but little from this source—we reply, God grant it may be the case, and then we would double the duty. What is the crying sin, the besetting sin of our country, which sinks us in our own estimation and the estimation of the civilized world? What is it that unfits man for the duties of social and domestic life—what is it that invades the domestic circle—that lowers conjugal affection and sunders every tie of endearment—what is that which draws forth the midnight sigh from a broken hearted mother that stifles the cry of hunger by the charities of her neighbors—what fills our poor-houses with paupers and hospitals with invalids? What crowds our jails with criminals and gives employment to the hangman? *It is intemperance* in the use of spirituous liquors. The national government has power to restrain this deluge of moral evil and deminish the sum of human misery, by levying an additional tax, and thus snatch and reclaim from ruin and rescue a helpless family from degradation—will they not exert their powers in so doing? and what measure can so effectually aid the productive industry and promote the real prosperity of the country as that which shall lessen the consumption of spirituous liquors? Who are the consumers? They are either the winebibbers, the men of wealth, who indulge in riot and luxury, and who can afford to pay, or they are those miserable wretches whom nakedness cannot shame—the voluntary outcasts from society—and society has a right to extort this pittance as the only punishment which can reach them, for the outrages they have committed. There is no country where the means of intoxication are so abundant *and so cheap* as in our own, and the consequences are daily more apparent and more alarming. The bounties of heaven, precious breadstuffs and delicious fruits are converted into this fatal poison, disguised in a thousand forms, to allure us to destruction. It enters every door—the cup is presented to every lip. In the last annual message of President Grant to congress, we find the following: "One means for increasing the revenues, *and the only one I think of*, is the restoration of *duty on tea and coffee.*" While President Grant recommends to congress to tax tea and coffee, the sugar and the salt are the only means to raise revenue—necessaries used by every member of every poor family; the whisky, the gin, the brandy of the country, in their desolating progress to blight its fairest progress, are passed by without a single word. There is no fairer or more legitimate object of taxation than spirituous liquors, and that *sound policy, good morals*, and the public happiness require the arm of the government should be felt in a tax upon the consumption of them. If the congress would lay an excise upon domestic spirits higher than at present, it must add at least from 25 to 40 per cent to the rate of duties upon foreign spirits. Adopting this system, would produce an increase to our revenue of millions of dollars—allowing for a *great decrease in the consumption* of foreign and domestic spirits, that would result from this measure, the benefit of which to the country would be to the amount of millions of dollars and the salvation of many. Will not some of the temperance societies and their friends get up petitions to congress to meliorate the curse of cheap intoxicating liquors?

PERHAPS MORE ANON.

In Waterford, Erie county, there is a family of five persons dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

It is expected that the efforts being made to have a railroad constructed from Erie to Meadville will be successfull.

VICK'S FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS are the best the world produces. They are planted by a million people in America, and the result is, beautiful Flowers and splendid Vegetables. A Priced Catalogue, sent free to all who enclose the postage—a 2 cent stamp.

VICK'S FLOWER & VEGETABLE GARDEN is the most beautiful work of the kind in the world. It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations, and 4 Chromo Plates of Flowers, beautifully drawn and colored from nature. Price 35 cts. in paper cover: 65 cts bound in elegant cloth.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cts. for the first year. The first number for 1876 just issued. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in the Sun.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by the Sun, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of Grant's administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our natural history. Of all this The Sun will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon Grant's aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read The Sun will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The Weekly Sun, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the Weekly Sun the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

The Weekly Sun, eight pages with fifty-six broad columns is only $1.20 a year, postage prepaid. As this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, Postmasters, or anyone.

The Daily Sun, a large four page newspaper of twenty-eight columns, gives all the news for two cents a copy. Subscription, postage prepaid, 55c. a month or $6-50 a year. Sunday edition extra, $1,10 per year. We have no traveling agents.

Address, THE SUN, New York City.
dec2 6t

A SPLENDID DISCOURSE ON HEAVEN.

Philadelphia, Dec. 16.

Mr. Moody's second sermon on "Heaven," delivered last evening, was both effective and brilliant; it does not seem improper to apply the latter term to some of the utterances that fall from this wholesouled preacher of the Gospel, for though there is no studied rhetoric nor finely drawn imagery, there is not unfrequently in the head-long rush of forceful words, and in his bold, faithful presentation of Bible scenes, enough of the orator to make even critical and unsympathetic listeners acknowledge that Mr. Moody's natural abilities are of no mean order. So it appeared to many last night, who listened eagerly and almost spell-bound, as he sketched some of the terrible sufferings and privations of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, which nevertheless counted as but light afflictions in view of the reward which was promised—the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," of which Paul speaks in his First Epistle to the Corinthians.

Mr. Moody preached from the words "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;" in an injunction with another text of similar import: "Set your affections on things above." It don't take long, said he, to find where a man's heart is. Some have their whole heart in business, some in pleasure, and some women in the fashions. Talk to them about the shape of the last new bonnet, and see how their faces light up, and how interested they are. The reason why so few have their hearts set upon heavenly things is because they are too much occupied upon the things of earth. Will you not pause to-night and ask yourselves where your treasure is? Is it on earth or in heaven? The other day Mr. Astor died in New York, and they say he was worth many millions of dollars. Poor man! Perhaps he died a pauper, no man poorer. He may have been a Christian as well as being rich, but I doubt it very much, for no one who was a real Christian would have hoarded up so much money which he ought to have made good use of while he was alive. The rich people who are hoarding up money for their children are doing the worst thing to ruin them. Many a young man has been injured eternally by receiving money laid up and hardly earned by his father. How many benevolent and religious societies there are that need help. How the foreign missionary societies need it, and the city missions. Why not give it to the Young Men's Christian Association of your city, and help them put up their new building. When persons in a balloon want to ascend, they throw out some of the ballast. That is what a good many rich men need to do—throw out more ballast and go higher. Talk about hard times? Many a rich man could help to improve the times if he would give away a little of the money he is hoarding up. We have too many water-logged Christians, whose affections are set upon things below. They get into church, and it takes all the combined strength of pastor, elders and membership to get them along. Every Christian man must do something for the Saviour, and then he will have treasures in heaven. Our treasures are in heaven if our hearts are there. Our treasure that is laid up for us there is rest. We don't want talk about resting here. It is our privilege to work here, and the rest comes by and by. What a privilege it is to set streams running for eternity. It is a grand thing to see a man do a great work for God, for our work shall follow. I would a thousand times rather have a monument with two legs walking around the streets than the most costly monument that money could buy. The greatest mistake the church is making is that it is looking for its reward down here. Christ says, "Great is your reward—on earth"—"No," that little boy says, "you don't quote that right." "Great is your reward in heaven." And if the Lord calls it great, depend upon it, the reward will be great indeed. Christ did not receive honor from men; he would not take it; therefore we ought not to expect it, especially when it is worth so little, for men will honor you to day and stab you to-morrow.

Then Mr. Moody drew a graphic word picture of Paul's trials which he called "light afflictions," and of the honor which he has been enjoying for eighteen hundred years in heaven where "we, if faithful, will see the great warrior by and by." The conclusion of Mr. Moody's sermon was very forcible. Illustration after illustration, each more striking than the last, brought home the truth to the hearts of the listeners, and many were affected by the urgent appeal and invitation to so live as at last to enter upon the joys of heaven.

The opening prayer at last evening's service was offered by Rev. R. D. Thomas, D. D., pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church of this city; and among those present on the platform were Hon. Thos. H. Powers, Hon. Geo. H. Troutman, President of the Central National Bank; Rev. Dr. Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and Dr. J. C. Thomas, a minister of the Society of Friends, from Baltimore. It was a damp and unpleasant night, but the audience numbered over seven thousand persons.

At the noon prayer meeting to-day, after the requests had been read, Mr. Graves, an evangelist of the Baptist Church, well-known in New York and other cities, led in prayer, remembering each class of cases specifically, and earnestly pleading for a Spirit-baptism on the churches for which supplication had been asked. Mr. Moody read a letter from a lady, who, although a member of a Christian Church, was very unsatisfied about her spiritual condition, and sought advice and help. He then spoke to backsliders, quoting largely from the book of Jeremiah the passages most suited to their cases, as inviting them back to the Saviour whom they have forsaken. I used to think, years ago, he said, that it would have been a grand thing to live in the days of the old prophets; but when I got to know my Bible better I changed my views. Always when a great prophet was raised up in Israel, it was because the nation had forsaken God—they were times of backsliding, so that very much of prophecy was specially suited to persons who, after being really converted, had forsaken the fountain of living waters. I never knew a happy backslider. The scripture says, "Know, therefore, it is an evil thing, and bitter that you have left the Lord, your God." "With thine own wickedness," says God, "I will destroy thee." When the Jews entered upon the promised land they were told to give the land a rest every seven years; but they refused to do this, and disobeyed God. Then came captivity. For four hundred and ninety years they had neglected God's command, and the seventy years of Sabbaths which they had neglected to observe were spent in captivity. Because they would not give them, God took them by force. There was always forgiveness for the repentant backslider. "Only acknowledge your guilt," says God, "and I will forgive:" and He is more willing to receive us than we are to return to Him.

Mr. Sankey sang the "Ninety and Nine" at the request of many strangers who were present, and short addresses were delivered by Rev. D. Breed, Rev. Dr. Hatfield and Mr. Graves, and the concluding prayer was offered by Mr. Geo. H Stuart.

HAVE YOU A DOLLAR.

FOR ONE DOLLAR,
We Will Send, Post-paid,
The Weekly World
one year.

1. It contains all the news of the past seven days, collected by the agents and correspondents of the New York Daily World, and is fulness, accuracy and enterprise in this respect is unequalled.

2. Its Agricultural Department contains the latest news of farm experiments at home and abroad, contributions by home and foreign writers, full reports of the Farmer's Club of the American Institute, and quotations of valuable and interesting articles appearing in the agricultural weeklies and magazines.

3. Its Grange news, to which attention is specially called, is a feature which can be found in no other paper. All the resources at the command of a great metropolitan daily newspaper are employed in its collection, and the result is a page each week where the members may find a complete record of the work of the order in every State in the Union for the past seven days. In addition to this weekly record, The World gives the cream of all the local grange papers in every State. This department is and will continue to be under the charge of one of the active members of the order.

4. For the Fireside Department, in addition to its other attractions, such as poetry, miscellany humorous extracts, &c., during the coming year, there well be not less than one hundred short tales by the best writers of fiction in England and America.

5. The market reports, brought down to the hour of publication, are the best that can be made. Each market is reported by one whose special knowledge and training make him the best authority upon that subject in the United States. For accuracy and completeness the market reports of the World are unrivalled.

"The World is not only the best but the cheapest newspaper ever offered the farmer."

Semi-weekly (104 Nos.), $2 a year. Daily (313 Nos.), $10 per year.

Specimen copies sent upon application.
Address "THE WORLD,"
16 dec 6t 35 Park Row, New York.

BEATTY PIANO.

Send stamp for full information, Price List, &c., &c. D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PUBLIC

of our intention to put NEW and LOWER PRICES on much of our Stock.

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE WILL COMMENCE at HALF-PAST SIX O'CLOCK, EACH WEEK-DAY MORNING, and CONTINUE UNTIL OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK IS SOLD.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up TOO MANY OVERCOATS and SUITS for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make *certain sacrifices* which will be apparent ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we do not intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say, that this Mark Down, whilst it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which (as they have already been marked at close prices,) we shall make no change.

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS

OUR FINAL and ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,

SO THAT NONE NEED WAIT FOR LOWER Prices.

THE STEP WE TAKE WILL WONDERFULLY AID THOSE WHO FEEL LIKE ECONOMIZING.

THE TERMS OF THE SALE ARE THE USUAL TERMS OF OUR HOUSE:

1.—No Second or Altered Price—ONE FIXED PRICE.

2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.

3.—The Contract on our part, to *return money*, is a part of the bargain in each case (provided goods are returned unworn.)

4.—A *Full Guarantee* given for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all NEW, and is not "BOUGHT" or "WHOLESALE" stock but our own

Carefully Made Clothing.

It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the CHOICEST STYLES of SUBSTANTIAL GOODS, and that EVERY SIZE and SHAPE is provided for both MEN and BOYS. It will also be borne in mind that there is but ONE OAK HALL, and THAT IS AT THE CORNER OF

Sixth--Sixth--Sixth--Sixth--SIXTH

and MARKET Streets.

Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass this announcement to all their friends in the country,

We are Very Truly,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

PHILADELPHIA

SHORTLIDGE & CO., COAL, LIME, &c.,

WILLIAM SHORTLIDGE. BOND VALENTINE

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,

Burners and Shippers of the celebrated

Bellefonte

WHITE LIME.

Dealers in the very best grades of

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

DEALERS IN GRAIN.

They pay the highest prices in cash or grain that the Eastern markets will afford.

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Bought or will be sold on commission when desired, and full prices guaranteed. Information concerning the grain trade will be furnished at all times, to farmers with pleasure, free of charge.

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. D

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY 6, JAN. 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 527, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Mr. Sam'l Motz sold his farm near Woodward, to David Orndorf, at $120 per acre—about 90 acres.

—Runkle's hardware store at Millheim is about changing hands—Messrs. J. W. Snook and Henry Smith being the purchasers.

— It is reported that Centre Hall is to have a new store. Mr. Spiegelmyer is said to be the man.

—The bell on Jake Harpster's shop was about as sassy as any that was rung on New Year's eve.

—DEDICATION.—Sunday, January 16, has been fixed upon for dedicating the new M. E. church, at this place. A general invitation is extended to be present upon the occasion. Prominent ministers of that church will be present to make the occasion one of interest.

—Dr. Jacobs, of Orbisonia, Pa., has located here and intends to continue in the practice of his profession.

—Mr. John H. Keller sold his house and lot, in this town, to Mrs. M'Cully, of Milroy, for $1,800.

—The last Christmas dodge—Dan. Hastings dodging the Bellefonte juveniles to escape their "My Christmas gift." Cruel Dan.

—Centre Hall is to have another physician soon. We are informed that Dr. John L. Alexander of Michigan, (formerly of Millheim), intends locating here about the 1st of February next, having resolved upon this upon learning of the removal of Dr. Runkle.

—Milesburg had a fire on last Thursday morning, 20th ult., which destroyed the store of Mr. Boggs and the hotel of ex-sheriff T. M. Hall. The fire had its origin in the store of Mr. Boggs, which was insured. We did not learn whetner our friend Hall had any insurance. The cause of the fire remains a mystery.

—The ladies fair on 24 and 25 ult., was quite a success, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather. All the articles were sold on Saturday night, the time fixed for closing the fair, and in the eating department pretty near every thing was used up also. The attendance, during the whole time was brisk, and the thing was well managed in every department, and good order prevailed. Fair lasted one and a half days, netting a clear profit of from $150 to $160 dollars—the total proceeds being nearly $200. Much credit is due to the ladies who took an interest in the matter and carried it through so successfully. Had the weather been favorable the proceeds would undoubtedly have been doubled. We repeat, much credit is due the ladies for the interest they manifested and the skill they exhibited in making the fair a success.

—A rope-walker plied his vocation at Centre Hall, on New Year—giving a public exhibition of his skill to a large crowd. The rope-walking feat would have been all right, but he disgusted all decent spectators with the vulgar capers he cut beforehand, dressed in female attire, his performances in that garb being an insult to every female present. In the evening he intended giving an exhibition of his skill as a magician, admittance 25 cents. But his performances in the afternoon very properly had the effect to bring him no crowd, and the few admittance quarters were returned, and no exhibition given.

—Wilson & Hicks hardware store should be visited by all who intend to build, by all who need tools, by all carriage manufacturers and wagon-makers who need stock, by all house-keepers who need hardware. All these classes will find Wilson & Hick's stock the most complete in the county, and the prices lowest, and every one about the establishment an obliging gentleman.

—Beautiful Hair Switches made out of your own combings—50 cts. per ounce. Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall.

—Hi hi-hi.—Got a registered letter the other day. Gladness never rose quicker, and overjoyed at the good luck we went out, got the axe and with one determined sweep actually cut a——piece of wood. Who'll pay up arrears next to get us cooled down again? Quick, now.

—The Lock Haven markets are given in last week's Democrat as follows:

Butter, 35c per lb.; Eggs, 35c per doz.; Lard, 16c per lb.; Onions, 10c per peck; Apples, $1 00 per bu.; Turnips 25c per bu.; Cabbage, 8c per head; Dried apples, 10c per lb.; Potatoes 50c per bu.; Flour, $1 50; Chickens 50 to 60c pair; Celery, 8c per stalk; Turkeys, 10c per lb. lb. live weight; Geese 60c a piece; Apple butter, 25c per qt.

—When the sound of Centre Hall's bells first broke in on our slumbering ears on Saturday night last, it started a dream in us that we had met George the Third. He looked as though he had just come down from Salt River, carried a greasy bundle, with toes well enough to be out of his boots and starvation in his face. He simply asked us for a "chaw of terbacco." We told him we did not us the weed, and pointed him to a drug-store where he might get some opium, the stuff that John Bull was making the heathen Chinee chaw.

—We have had a regular spell of spring weather—fine as it should be on May-day. Flies were out, bees flying and on Friday, Saturday and Monday farmers were plowing. It's all right, only don't let us have winter in the spring for it.

—The new M. E. Church at Centre Hall, will be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God (No preventing providence) on Sunday the 16 of January. Revs. G. W. Miller, of Bellefonte, W. H. Dill, of Clearfield, J. W. Leckie, of Altoona and other ministers will be present on the occasion. Ministers in the surrounding country and the public generally are most cordially invited to be present.

By order of the committee.
G. W. BOUSE, Pastor.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.—The largest clothing house in America is that of the firm whose name heads this notice and is located at Sixth and Market streets, Phila. Read what they say in their advertisement on the second page of this paper. They will do all they promise, and will give each purchaser a guarantee that their goods are sold as low as possible, and then will take them back inside of ten days if unworn and the customer is not satisfied with them.

—Any and every thing made up out of hair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall. Orders received by stage or mail.

☞A new Golden Tongue Organ, one of the finest toned instruments made, for sale at this office. Also a Ryder organ, good as new. Either of these instruments offered at a bargain.

—If you wish a first class sewing machine, buy the New American of Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa.

—The celebrated Australian Diamond Pebble spectacles, are superior to the ordinary glass spectacle, affording relief to the eyes, and suited for all ages, are sold by M. Straus, Bellefonte, Pa. 16dec3m

—If you wish a sewing machine at Granger prices, address Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa. 21 oct 3m.

Subscribe for the Reporter—don't depend on your neighbor's copy always.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER,
7 oct y

—Mr. Manassa Guise, of Penn Hall, a few days ago, while chopping down an apple-tree was struck by the top of the falling tree, and knocked senseless to the ground. We did not learn that he sustained any serious injury.

—Mr. John Camp, of Milroy, has put down the prices of Furniture, and you can buy first class manufacture of him cheaper than ever. See prices in his advertisement.

—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday clear but a little sharp.

—Old Wigs made as good as new Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall.

—A PARSONAGE RAID.—On New Year's day, the Methodist congregation from Spring Mills made a raid on the M. E. parsonage, at Centre Hall, for the purpose of presenting their pastor, Rev. G. W. Bouse and family, with a donation. The ladies at once took charge of the dining room and kitchen, and soon the table was richly laden with a well gotten up dinner, which they had brought with them, and all hands went to work with a will. After dinner the party repaired to the pantry and replenished it bountifully with almost everything that could be thought of in the eating line, and from thence to the cellar, supplying it with all kinds of vegetables; the flour barrels fared sumptuously—they were heaped up, shaken together and running over. The garner was well supplied with corn and oats. After having a good social time together, the party returned to their homes, leaving the minister and his family to ponder over the many gifts which they had received at the hands of a benevolent people.

The governor has pardoned Joseph Lovens, of Shamoken. Mr. Lovens was tried at the August term, of Northumberland county in 1874 for the murder of James Mahan, and convicted of manslaughter. He was sentenced on the 28th day of September following to two years in the penitentiary. Efforts were at once made for his pardon, but failed, and Joseph says he had made up his mind to fill out his sentence, when he was unexpectly pardoned.

—YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The Board of Directors, elected by the Y. M. C. A., met on last Friday evening and elected as officers, Michael Derstine, Prest.; W. A. Krise, Sec'y.; Jacob Dinges, Treas.; David Boozer, Lib. The President appointed the following committee on Devotional exercises: W. A. Krise, John Boozer, and Levi Murray.

The next meeting will be held on next Friday evening in the Methodist chapel. The subject selected is "God's Willingness to Save." The meeting will be what is called "A Praise and Testimony Meeting." The Association hope to see a good turn out. All who attend whether members, of the Y. M. C. A. or not, are equally entitled to all privileges of the meeting. Hereafter the Association, will hold a "Monthly Business Meeting" for the members, but all religious meetings, whether Young Men's prayer meetings, public prayer meetings, Evangelistic meetings, "Song Service" meetings, "Praise and Testimony" meetings, "Experience on the Text," meetings, Bible Lesson meetings, or "minute meetings," will be free to all. Come. A MEMBER.

AARONSBURG.

Welcome, thrice welcome, the Centennial.

John H. Musser of this place is suffering with a very sore hand. A few weeks ago he ran a splinter under his nail, nearly an inch long and did not extract it, which festered and finally opened at the second joint. The whole arm is now inflamed, and the probability is that he will lose the use of part of his hand.

On Christmas eve, the Reformed school of this place held a festival, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather was well attended. The church was nicely decorated with spruce and a tree in the centre nicely trimmed; but the "goodies" or things which "took" were under the tree. In place of the long dusty addresses the audience were treated to dialogues and declamations by the children. Revs. Shoemaker and Tomlinson made short and pointed addressess. The same can be said in regard to the strength of this school as was said of the brave Spartan army: "They move in a solid block."

The Lutheran Sunday School also held a New Year's festival. The Aaronsburg Minnim String band furnished most of the music, which was very much appreciated. Revs. Tomlinson and Shoemaker addressed the school, with scriptural exercises by Wm. Stover. About 250 gifts were distributed among the scholars. everything went off so pleasantly that the little ones went home rejoicing, and wishing that New Year would come every other day and Sunday between, but we could not refrain from thinking of the words in Shakespeare:

"If every day were a holiday,
To play would prove as tedious as to work;
But when they come, they wished-for come:
And nothing pleases but rare accident.

—CARNIVAL AT AARONSBURG.—Quite a carnival was held at Aaronsburg on New Year's day, which will not soon be forgotten by the people of that quiet town. The first act in the forenoon was a parade of the trades on wagons headed by a band of martial music. There were some thirty teams in line—on one could be seen the blacksmith, blowing his bellows, and making the anvil ring with hammer; another with the weaver plying his loom; the mason dressing his stone, the carpenter shoving his plane, the wagon-maker, the carriage-maker, the washer-woman, the farmer with his ancient flail, and other trades, all upon wagons, and in their shirt sleeves—the day was warm—all working in dear earnest as though at home in their shops. After parading through Aaronsburg, the demonstration passed on to the town of Millheim—a representation of industry on wheels—and paraded through its streets, all busy at work. The sight was a novel one, well gotten up and carried out in good order, to the delight of hundreds of spectators in the two villages.

In the afternoon a company of masqueraders formed at Millheim, and after treating that town to a parade proceeded to Aaronsburg. And O gosh, how they were dressed! they beat Falstaff's rag-muffins all hollow. There were men with horrible faces, noses a yard long, noses turned up and noses turned down, baboon faces, monkey faces, fools faces and some ugly faces. Horses with specks, horses with pants, and horses and men trimmed in every imaginable ugly style—fat fellows and lean, humpbacked and crooked fellows, and some other ugly fellows. Who were they? that's the question, for they left no keards, but cut up all manner of rediculous and side-splitting antics. With all the above going on down there, we think those towns must have enjoyed their New Year immensely.

THE FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CENTRE COUNTY, PA.—Centre Hall, Dec. 23rd, 1875. The Annual Meeting of the Members and Election of twelve Directors, to conduct the affairs of the Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of John Spangler, Centre Hall, on Monday, the 10th day of January, 1876, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day. Members generally are requested to attend. GEO. BUCHANAN, D. F. LUSE, Prest.
Sec'y. dec 30 3t.

—If your wish a sewing machine of any manufacture apply to Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy, Pa.

—JOHN S. MILLER, Tailor, of Millheim, is putting up the best of work and the public would do well to call upon him, as his prices and work suit the times. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have seen some of his work and find it equal to that of the best of tailors. One door east of Weiser's smith shop. 21 oct 6m.

—If you wish to exchange your old sewing machine for a new one, address Bunnell & Aiken, Milroy.

—The Odd Fellows' Hall, in this place was dedicated on Friday, 24 ult. The attendance was respectable considering the bad state of the weather and roads. The Bellefonte, Pine Grove, Boalsburg and Milroy lodges were represented; the Boalsburg brass-band was also present. The dedication ceremonies were conducted by Dr. Harris, District Deputy, of Bellefonte, assisted by officers of other lodges. After the ceremonies in the hall, the brotherhood and spectators proceeded to the basement of the Luth. church, where an interesting address was delivered by J. S. Barnhart, of the Bellefonte lodge, upon the history and purposes of Odd Fellowship, recounting its first introduction in this country by Thomas Wildy who founded the first lodge in Baltimore in 1819, receiving a charter from the Grand Lodge in England, and showing its growth in this country to the present day.

—The biggest run on record was the run, during the holidays, for Sechler's cheap grocery. Every body was anxious to lay in store some good things for Christmas week, and off they went to Sechlers and got it. Sechler's have done more to make Christmas happy at home than any regiment of Santa Clauses that ever crept down through chimnies on Christmas eve, because hundreds of families found that the place to lay in their stock of good things for the holidays. Go to Sechlers and see if they do not have every thing the appetite can crave—all first class goods, nice and fresh—they keep the best of every thing. Go and inspect their handsome establishment, and see whether this is not the truth.

Buggy trimming, finishing, and all that belongs to that line of business, for any style of vehicle, is done up to order and satisfaction, by our friend John T. Lee, on the second story of Peck's shops. John is an experienced workman and has a talent for that kind of work that speaks for itself on all jobs coming from his hands. Try him, if you want a good job.

—The Bellefonte railroad committee which was appointed a few weeks ago to have an interview with Mr. Scott and other prominent Penn'a railroad officials, have been on their misson and returned, giving a very hopeful report, as the parties with whom the interview was had, seemed favorably disposed towards the completion of the branch. Mr. Scott made a proposition, that Bellefonte raise $45,000 and the Penn'a Railroad company to proceed at once and complete the road from Bellefonte to Spring Mills. Mr. Scott seemed warmly in favor of this, and would lay the proposition before the board of directors of the Penn'a R.R., and if agreed to, the programme to be carried out at once, provided Bellefonte agreed to raise its share, of which some $30,000 were subscribed long ago. The meeting of the board was held on 5, but we did not learn what action it had taken on the proposition. Expect to inform our readers next week.

ILLINOIS.

ORANGEVILLE, Ill. Dec. 29, 1875.

MR. EDITOR.—I noticed in the Reporter about a big porker. I must let you know that Illinois can beat that. A neighbor, Mr. Goulden, killed one dressed 453 pounds. Myself took three hogs to market which weighed 1490 pounds gross. I have thrashed 230 bushels of rye from five acres, if that can be best I would like to hear it. We have a mild winter at present, there are about two inches of snow on the ground and prospect for rain; we had a few cold days. Hard times are reported in the east; Times are in fair condition in the west; produce is bringing middling fair prices—pork, gross $6 50, dressed $7 25; wheat from 75 to 90c per bu.; rye 63c; corn 45c; butter 28c per lb; eggs 26c per dozen. This is the market at Freeport, Stephenson co., 120 miles west of Chicago.

From your subscriber,
MICHAEL SWARTZ.

PENN HALL AND VICINITY.

Christmas and New Year's passed along veay quietly this year, owing to the disagreeable weather and the bad roads.

Last Saturday eve. a week, returning home from Church at Spring Mills, Mrs. Leitzel, in trying to cross Sinking Creek on a foot bridge, unfortunately fell in and would have drowned had she not received the assistance of her husband as the water was about to draw her under the ice.

The teachers of this vicinity, assisted by their scholars and others, have adopted a wise plan in the way of advancing themselves in education; they are holding Literary Societies at three different places, viz: Penn Hall, Spring Mills and Polk Hill, and all appear to be in a flourishing condition.

The County Superintendant had been visiting the schools of this location for several weeks past, and appeared to be highly gratified with the progres of the different schools, also the teachers with the reports which he left with them.

The singing class of this place, conducted by Prof. John Weaver, consists of about 75 regular members. So arranged as to supply each part with the proper number of singers. CAPTAIN JACK.

For the Reporter.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

On New Year's eve, the Luth. Sunday School of Aaronsburg, assembled in the church to participate in and enjoy an excellent feast prepared for the occasion. Everything connected with the festival was well arranged and adapted to instruct, interest and please. The different committees had performed their part well and reflected credit upon themselves. The church presented a beautiful and attractive appearance—the trees, arches, mottoes, evergreen and gifts were all well selected and adapted to please both the eye and the taste. There were two addresses, one by Rev. Mr. Shoemaker and the other by the Pastor, which were listened to with commendable attention. There was also an appropriate concert exercise by the school, which seemed to be much enjoyed by all present. The Aaronsburg band was present and contributed much to the interest of the occasion by their performances. The vocal music by the school, was suitable and had a good effect. All returned home after the distribution of the gifts and the Doxology, very well satisfied. Frequent meetings of this kind would, no doubt, do much to promote fraternal feeling and build up a good social element in many towns, communities and congregations. X

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

On last Saturday the young men of Aaronsburg visited Millheim in a very fantastic style, they had quite a procession representing almost all trades and occupations. It was a splendid arrangement in every respect. They finished their performances and went home before dinner so as to give the Millheimers a chance. After dinner the Millheimers made their appearance on dressed horses, while their riders presented ludicrous appearances. They were headed by the Millheim band, which appeared in its natural costume. The procession created a great deal of excitement and called forth many people to see it. In fact the street was lined on both sides with people who were eager to see noses bobbing to and fro.

On the week before Christmas, Prof. Henry Meyer passed through our twp, and visited a few of our schools. Mr. Meyer is a gentleman in every sense of the word, understands his business, and attends to it as should be. Come again, we are glad to see you.

Mr. Jacob Kerstetter lost a valuable colt some time ago, from a cause unknown. The epyzootic is played out and the horses are all ready for work again.

The protracted meeting in the Evangelical church at Millheim prayes to be a success. Revs. Price and Kline are preaching in the spirit of the [illegible] and [illegible] good is done in the name of the Lord. On last Sunday Rev. M. J. Carothers, P. E., in this district (Williamsport) was present and aided the brethern Price and Kline in proclaiming the truths of the Almighty.

Mr. John K. Runkle the hardware merchant of Millheim, has sold out his entire stock to Messrs. J. W. Snook and H. G. Smith, who will take possession of it ere long.

Hon. W. K. Alexander left for Harrisburg on Monday last. May his stay be pleasant, and may much good be accomplished. 10 S C.

PHILLIPINE ISLANDS.

Dreadful Hurricane—250 Lives Lost.

Madrid, December 28.—Intelligence has just been received from the Phillipine Island giving the details of a dreadful hurricane there on the 20th of last month. The storm was particularly severe in the provinces of Alban and Camarines. On the island of Luzon 250 lives lost and 3,800 dwellings destroyed. Many cattle perished, and the crops in all directions are ruined.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN SWITZERLAND.

Floor of a School House Gives Way 80 Persons Killed and 50 Wounded.

Berne, December 27.—News has been received here of a dreadful calamity which occurred in the little village of Hillikan, in Canton Aargan, on Saturday. Christmas festivities were being celebrated in a school house in that place, when the flooring gave way. Eighty persons were killed and fifty more or less wounded.

TURKEY.

A Severe Engagement.

London, December 27.—A dispatch from the seat of war in Herzegovina states that a great battle took place Thursday last, near Nitchitza, lasting nearly all day. Fifteen thousand troops were engaged. The Turkish forces claim a decisive victory. The fighting on both sides was desperate, and the losses severe.

Four murders in Schuylkill county in four days.

Prof. A. L. Guss, of Huntingdon Globe, is not yet out of the woods.

A drunken man at Pottsville swallowed a knife blade while taking a drink of whisky.

A farmer named McMullen was frozen to death during the cold weather last week. Too much whisky.

Convicts in the Ohio penitentiary have been detected counterfeiting nickels. Well that beats old Nick.

MILROY MARKETS, corrected weekly by D. Shelmire,

Wheat $1 20 to $1 25.
Barley 65c to 80c.
Oats 30c to 35c.
Clover Seed $6 00 to $6 75.
Rye 60c to 70c.
Pork 7c to 8c.
Butter 25c to 28.
Eggs 25c
Corn 40 to 52.
Beef $6 to $6,75 per 100 lbs.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White wheat $1 20 Red 115....Rye 80
new Corn 45 old 60. Oats 30—Barley 90.
20.....Clo'rerseed .5,50 .....Potatoes 30
Lard per pound 8 .....Pork per pound 06
Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton
$14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 13
Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat
65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00...
Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

LICENSE.—Notice is hereby given that T. M. Hall has filed his petition for a tavern license in Milesburg boro., and that application will be made to the court to grant the same at January sessions next.

Joel King.....Tavern.....Marion twp.
A. WILLIAMS.
6 Jan 3 t Prothonotary.

IN THE ORPHANS COURT OF CENTRE COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of Robert Elder, dec'd.

The auditor appointed by the said Court to ascertain the advancement and make distribution of the funds in the hand of the administrators of Robert Elder, dec'd, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Bellefonte on Tuesday the eighteenth day of January, A. D., 1876, at one o'clock, P. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

D. F. FORTNEY,
6 Jan 3 t Auditor.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of Record in this Office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans Court of Centre county, on Wednesday the 24 day of January, A. D., 1875, for confirmation and allowance.

1. The account of John Kerstetter, guardian of John Ungart, one of the children and heirs of Molly Ungart late of Penn Twp, dec'd.

2. The account of John Deihl, guardian of Mary Etian, and Wesley Etian, the children and heirs of Wm. Etian, dec'd, in account with said Mary and Wesley.

3. The account of Jacob Walter, guardian of Frank Lucas, Mitchel Lucas and Jane Eliza Lucas, minor children of Nelson Lucas late of Snow Shoe twp, dec'd.

4. The account of Robert Hammill, guardian of John L. Hammill, minor child of Margaret Hammill, late of Harris township, dec'd.

5. The account of Carrie E. Wolf and Peter Hoffer, administrators of the estate of Simon S. Wolf, late of Potter, twp., dec'd.

The final account of H. Y. Stitzer, guardian of Elizabeth Heintzleman, minor child of George Heintzleman one of the children and heirs of George Heintzleman late of Harris twp, dec'd.

Register's Office } J. H. MORRISON,
Dec. 25. } Register.

'76 Centennial. '76

FURNITURE.

GREAT Reduction in Prices.

Now is the time to buy, as I have on hand a large Stock I will offer it at panic prices for the next SIXTY DAYS FOR CASH,

Cheaper than it can be bought Elsewhere.

which a few of the following prices will show: Cane Seat Chairs as low as $7.00. Wood Seat Chairs $6.00 and upward; Bedsteads $3 50 to $13 00. A good Bureau for $11.00. Chamber Suits, Extension Tables, Bookcases, and all other Furniture in proportion to the above prices. Please call and examine our work.

JOHN CAMP,
6 jan 2m. Milroy.

Grain, Seeds and Produce

FARMERS LOOK THIS WAY,

and bring your grain of all kinds,
Clover Seed, Pork.
Poultry, &c., &c., &c.;

to Milroy—mill ware-house—where you will at all times receive the highest cash prices for the same. Salt, plaster, Coal, Fish, &c. for sale. D. SHELMIRE,
18 nov 3 m

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the account of William Weaver, committee of Edward D. Weaver a lunatic, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre co., and will be presented to the Court for confirmation at January term, next. A WILLIAMS,
dec 2 Prothonotary.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Barnet Wagner, late of Potter township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement. JOHN B. WAGNER,
MICHAEL STROHM,
dep 23t Executors.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

MARRIAGES.

On Dec. 22, at Boalsburg, by Rev. A. J. Hartsock, Miss C. Bell Price to Mr. B. S. Wilson of Orbisonia, Huntingdon co.

At Shingletown on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, at the residence of G. A. Jacob by the Rev. A. J. Hartsock, Mr. John H. Leech to Miss Eliza Jacob.

At the M. E. Parsonage, Milroy, Dec. 15, 1875, by Rev. L. F. Smith, Ira G. Cottle to Miss Anna M. Alexander, both of Milroy.

At the residence of Peter Resrick, on Thursday evening, Dec. 30, by Rev. M. Sloat, Miss Ellen Smith of Old Fort, to Mr. B. F. Weiser of Millheim.

At Grant City, Mo., Dec. 19, Mr. E. S. Garver, formerly of Centre Hall, to Miss Mary Frakes of the former place. (The happy couple have the congratulations of the Reporter. May their happiness be lasting.

On 21 Dec. Mr. Pierce Musser and Miss Alice, daughter of Jonathan Kreamer, both of Millheim.

In Brush Valley, on the 4th, by the Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Mr. John Shook to Miss C. C. Luse, both of the vicinity of Farmers Mills.

At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 23, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. Reitzel Wolf, of Penn twp, to Ellen Bitner of Potter.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 21, Cora Lizzie, daughter of George B. and Eve D. Stover, aged 3 years, 1 month and 14 days.

"Go, little loved one go,
A mother's heart can tell.
And none but her can fully know
How hard to say Farewell."

On 28, at Potter's Mills, John H. Breon, aged 19 years, 3 months and 21 days.

At Tylersville, Clinton county, Aaron Greib, aged 49 years 3 months and 13 days.

At Nittany Junction, last week, Mr. Thomas Huston, aged about 65 years.

On Wednesday Dec. 29., in Potter twp, Mrs. Kerlin, wife of Jno. Kerlin. Born in Lancaster city. Died suddenly of paralysis of the lungs. Age 56 years and 1 day.

Dec. 28, John Ossman. Born in Dauphin co. Pa., Dec. 18, 1795. Age, 80 years and 10 days.

On 2, near Centre Hall, Levi Puff, aged 44 years, 9 months and 17 days.

—DEATH.—On Monday evening, 27 December, at the residence of his son Alfred Hosterman, near Centre Hall, Mr. John Hosterman, aged 69 years, 4 months and 12 days. Judge Hosterman was well known throughout this county of which he was a prominent citizen. His father, John Hosterman, who died over 20 years ago, in Haines township, was one of the early settlers of Pennsvalley. In the death of Judge Hosterman we mourn the loss of an exemplary citizen, a man who was scrupulously honest and conscientious in all his doings with his fellow men, which gained him the esteem and respect of all who knew him. The writer hereof enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the deceased for a period of nearly 30 years, and always knew him as of a humane, liberal-hearted and kind disposition—yet straightforward and outspoken in his convictions of right—never shirking a just responsibility or duty—with a heart devoid of vindictiveness towards any fellow creature—and charitable to the full extent of his means. A farmer all his life, with the meagre common school education of his day, he was notwithstanding a well-read man and possessed of large intelligence and generally sound in his judgment and views. He was elected to the office of county commissioner some twenty years ago, and discharged his duties with the strictest impartiality and fidelity without respect to person. Some seven years ago he was elected to the office of Associate Judge of this county and served the full term of five years, and in this responsible position he displayed a clearness of judgment which elicited the favorable mention of the entire court. His health was always robust, until about three years ago, when an attack of paralysis prostrated him for a time in speech and limb; he recovered somewhat again, but these attacks repeated themselves from time to time in a milder form, so that for some three years he has been more or less enfeebled and needed nursing—his mind also becoming enfeebled from the effects of these attacks. Four weeks ago he showed signs of rapid decline, and he continued to recede until Monday evening, 27, when he expired peaceably. A short time before his death he seemed in full possession of his mental faculties and conversed intelligently, and was conscious of his approaching end—bade his wife, children and relatives "good bye." He was interred in the cemetery at this place. His connection being one of the largest in the county, his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT

Wolf's Old Stand.

Largest Stock of Goods in the Valley!

ONE PRICE! LOW PRICE!

POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

Good Cassimere Suits, $10.00
Good Cassimere Coats, $5.00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

Remember, we have but one price for everyone. WM. WOLF.

'76. A National Family Paper. '76

The Great Family Paper of America, the only paper exposing every swindler, quack and humbug, and saving millions to the public, is now ready for the Centennial campaign, and 100,000 more delighted subscribers.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Is a large eight page, 40-column paper, Ledger size, overflowing with charming Stories, Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, Humor and Fun. It gives all new Recipes, Rights, Secrets, Arts, &c., &c., has a Children's Department, a Medical Department, Puzzler's Corner, etc., etc., and is a perfect Family Paper.

Humbugs Exposed. Its specialty is to expose every Fraud, Quack, Swindler, and "Beat." Every number has five columns of truthful, reliable statements. No sawdust, lottery, gift, bond, or "put and call" gas ever enters its columns. You'll find this great paper.

It exposes all Swindlers without fear or favor and gives a list of over 100, with names and "games."

It Costs But 75 cents a year, and is sent prepaid to every where. It is just the paper for every home, Southern or Northern. It is not political, religious or sectarian. It waves for all. Started in 1865, it has gone on for 10 years, and is read by 100,000 people. You want it and will have it some time. Why not now?

Elegant Chromos. We have imported 12 Splendid French Chromos, (worth $1 each), size 9x11 inches, finely mounted, and we offer any four of these gems and BANNER, a whole year, all free, for $1. These are genuine chromos suitable for any parlor, 50 other premiums offered.

A Last Word. Reader, remember 1876 is our centennial. During this one year do take a National, patriotic, wide awake paper, one that is for Right and against wrong one that knows no party, no north, south, east or west; but a paper intended for every reader one that saves money to its readers by exposing the "tricks and traps" of swindlers; and now is the time. You have just 11 off too long. Send to-day. Now is the accepted time.

See. Only 75 cents secures this great paper a year. With four charming chromos, only $1. 5 numbers sent for 15 cents. Specimens (100,00 ready) sent free to all. Send for it now. Costs nothing to see it and 75-day to BANNER PUBLISHING CO., Hinsdale, N. H. dec. 16 e o w

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Keys' bank.

Don't Buy A HARD COAL BASE BURNER

HEATING STOVE, until you have examined the

HOME DELIGHT!

—THE—

Best & Handsomest

STOVE IN THE MARKET.

Call and see them at the Store of

J. A. REESMAN,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL SOAP IS THE "BEST."

This Soap is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen, and Bathroom, and for general household purposes; also, for Printers, Painters, Engineers, and Machinists, as it will remove stains of Ink, Grease, Tar, Oil, Paint, etc., from the hands. Manufactured only by

CRAMPTON BROTHERS,
2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street, New York.

For sale at Philadelphia, by KOONS & RUOFF, 302 North Delaware Avenue, and by grocers generally, and at Sechler's grocery. Nov 11. 6m.

The Granger Store!

Something New!

CASH AND PRODUCE FOR CHEAP GOODS.

SHORT CREDIT & SHORT PROFITS.

ISREAL GRENOBLE,

Spring Mills has established a store to suit the times, and has a complete stock of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE

HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FISH, SALT,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
DRUGS, SPICES, OILS,

In short a full line of EVERYTHING FOR LESS PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE.

COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

5feb. y.

Simon Haines,

CENTRE HALL.

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Of every description; running gear for all kinds of vehicles, made to order, and in first class manner. Being a practical mechanic, I would WARRANT ALL WORK to give satisfaction. Repairing promptly attended to at the lowest rates.

Undertaking,

Coffins of all styles

made on shortest notice. The business of undertaking attended to in all its branches. Respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. 9 sept y

J. HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVE
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.

Pennsylvania Banking Co.

CENTRE HALL, PA
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Note
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold and Coupons
PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

BEATTY PIANO!

THE BEST IN USE. ☞Send stamp for Circular. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct27 6mar

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

☞*The long end of the tube is inserted in the cow's teats, when the milk will flow, without the aid of the hands.*

The attention of Dairymen is called to the above cut, which represents a SILVER MILKING TUBE, by which more than half the time and labor of milking cows is saved. Four tubes to a set, which will be sent postpaid to all parts of the country on receipt of Two Dollars per set. An Agent is wanted in every county, to whom a liberal discount will be allowed. Address the manufacturer.

GEORGE F. PILLING,
701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞All kinds of Secret Society work, Jewels, Emblems, Badges and Silverware generally.

Diplomas awarded at the Berks, Montgomery, Chester and Bucks County Fairs. For testimonials see the Practical Farmer for September and October. Send for circulars. 7oct9m.

Tubes can be seen at the Reporter office—they are asuccess.

C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWERS.

ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's Building. my 28'74-t.

DR. A. J. ORNDORF.

DENTIST.

Is still located at Pine Grove Mills and is now prepared to travel to the homes of patients at a distance and render any desired service in his line, in the best manner, of best quality and at reasonable rates. Insertion of new dentures made a specialty. *Teeth extracted without pain.* 21 jan 74

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, J. D. SHUGERT
President, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Covernment Securities, Gold & Coupons.
ap10'68tf

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth *absolutely without pain.* my8-73-tf.

D. M. RITTENHOUSE,
WITH
KOONS, SCHWARZ & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Fish, Cheese and Provisions,
144 North Delaware Avenue,
137 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
P. A. KOONS, G SCHWARZ. J. SCHWARZ

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND Panic Prices.

H. A. LARRIMER.

at the

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

From the Spanish of Jose Rosas, of Mexico.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray;"
Thus to the Elm her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine;
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine"
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friends come hither,
And find support in me."
The kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the Spring.

Oh beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

A Ruse of War.

"You'd better make up your mind do it, Frank. I give you my word for it, you'll find 'Laurelton' not a bad place, and the girls are—well, there are no finer girls than my granddaughters."

Old Judge Ransom looked earnestly over his gold-rimmed glasses at Frank Hazelton's handsome, indifferent face.

"You certainly are very good, judge, to press upon me such a friendly invitation to visit 'Laurelton,' and under any other circumstances than those we have discussed, I would be delighted to accept. As it is—I confess I haven't the cheek to go down to your place, see my pretty cousins, be entertained by aunt Sarah, and all the while feel that my object, and your object, is to select me a wife from among the young ladies.'

"That's the sheerest nonsense, boy. Why on earth shouldn't you marry one of your cousins, and thereby secure 'Laurelton' in the family? *Somebody'll* get the fine old place with one of my girls—why shouldn't it be well by you?"

"I suppose you call yours a very sensible view of the case, Judge Ransom. But, how can a fellow expect to curb and harness his fancy and affection to suit—even with 'Laurelton' thrown in the bargain?"

"Who's talking of fancies and affection? I only ask you to run down to the homestead for the holidays and get acquainted with the girls; then, *if* you fall in love with one of them, well and good. There's not much danger but that they'll take to you, Frank. You're a fine fellow, and your five years' absence at the German universities add very greatly to your popularity."

"Thank you, judge. Surely I *ought* to be grateful, and oblige you by falling in love with one of my charming cousins."

"Then we'll consider it settled, shall we? The Thursday before Christmas."

"I guess we'll manage it between us, Sara, Frank's agreed to come, and, what's more, has half-promised to fall in love with one of the girls."

Judge Ransom sat reading his village paper beside the cheery open grate; and fat, motherly Mrs. Ranson sat in her capacious chair, busily darning socks.

"*Promised* to fall in love with one of the girls! Henry, the idea! Who ever heard of such a thing? You never went and told him you *wanted* him to marry one of them?"

"Of course I did. There's nothing like being open and above-board. I like young Hazel, and told him so; and told him he was welcome to one of my granddaughters, and 'Laurelton' in the bargain."

"Well, Henry Ransom, I never would have believed you were such a—a fool! Don't you know you've ruined our little arrangement by going and telling him? Why there's not a man living who'll take a fancy to a girl that is recommended to him! Well, if you aren't a simpkin!"

"I can't see what I've done so dreadful. I'm sure you are as anxious to have him in the family as I am."

"Of course I am—and that is why I hate to see anything spoiled so. My word for it, Frank Hazelton is of too noble a nature to deliberately make love to a girl because she is rich; and, at the same time, I know he will take a dislike to 'em simply because he knows he is expected to do the other thing."

"Seems to me I have put my foot in it, Sara, according to your way of thinking. I am sure I meant well enough."

"Oh, I know that. Now, if you'll just leave it to me, and agree to do just what I say, I think it'll end all right, yet. Listen, now, and see if a woman can't beat even a judge in love affairs."

And he sat and listened, his fine face gradually broadening until it was one big smile from eyebrows to chin.

"If you don't deserve a diploma," he declared, jubilantly.

A magnificent December night, with myriads of frostily-twinkling stars above, and a snow-mantled landscape below them; and Frank Hazelton wrapped in his Astrachan overcoat, and his seal-skin cap cozily jammed over his forehead, thought as he was driven from the depot to "Laurel" behind the judge's fast trotters, and in the 'Laurel's' big double-seated, warmly-cushioned sleigh, that the lines might fall to a fellow in a far less pleasant place than that to which he was going; where the judge met him at the door, in the broad banner of warm yellow light streaming from within.

"Come right in, my boy—right in! You're as welcome as the first flowers in spring. Here's aunt Sara waiting to kiss you—aren't you, eh?"

Frank found himself in warm, motherly arms, and, laughing and joking, was escorted to the parlor, where four young girls were sitting in apparent ready welcome.

"What! have I *four* cousins? judge, you've got the best of me. I had no idea my courage was to be put to such a test."

"Indeed, you needn't think you are so blessed as to possess four pretty cousins. These are all you need lay claim to—Maud and Ida, my two dear granddaughters. These other two young ladies are Miss Florence and Irma Cloudesley—visiting 'Laurelton,' to assist in entertaining you."

After such an informal introduction, the ice was immediately broken; and, before the merry little circle broke up that night, Frank caught himself internally offering congratulations to himself that he had come to 'Laurelton.'

"Pretty girls—of course they're pretty all of them," he soliloquized, mentally, as he carefully arranged his necktie, one bright, merry morning, a month after he had come to the farm-house.

"There's Maud, with her matchless grace and her stately dignified manner. She should wear a coronet and never feel but what the strawberry leaves were honored by her acceptance. But not for a thousand 'Laurelttons' would I spend a lifetime with her, when an hour exhausts all her entertaining and instructive ability."

"I wonder what aunt Sara and the judge would think if they knew of my private opinion of Maud and Ida? To be sure, Ida is a nice, ladylike little thing, and has about as much mind of her own as a butterfly. I doubt if she ever really does think beyond the arrangement of her pretty yellow hair, and the fit of those marvelously tiny slippers of hers.

From which it will be seen Mr. Frank Hazelton had been very observant.

"There's the Misses Cloudesley—sensible, intelligent girls as I ever saw; only Florence will persist in tyrannizing over dear little Irma—"

Then the dinner-bell abruptly dispelled his mental criticisms, and he went down to find them all gone in but Irma Cloudesley, who, with a suspiciously tearful face, stood before the mirror. She started, half-guiltily, as he entered.

"Oh, I thought you had gone in. You're late, Mr. Hazelton."

"And so are you. What has kept you?"

He saw the flush surge over her cheeks.

"I—oh—nothing—much."

"Has Flo been teasing you again?"

He went close up to her, looking down into her face.

"No—nothing at all. Please go into dinner, Mr. Hazelton."

She looked really distressed, he saw; but the headstrong fellow did not obey at all.

"I'll go, in a moment, Irma. Tell me first if you are angry with me that you seem so eager to get rid of me? Not only now, Irma, but always. You avoid me continually."

She blushed rosier than ever and turned her face away.

"No, Irma! you must answer me. Have I offended you?"

"No, Mr. Hazelton, you have not. *Please* go to dinner. They won't like it, and Maud will think—"

She hesitated, and looked painfully confused.

"Irma, I positively will not go to dinner until I know what is the matter with you, if I never eat a mouthful again. What will Maud think? What right has my cousin to think anything about what I do?"

"Oh, Mr. Hazelton—you—you are cruel to ask me. It was foolish in me to say a word."

"Every word you say is very sweet to me, little girl. Tell me why you dread Maud's knowing we are here, together? Tell me, Irma, or I shall—*kiss you!*"

"You know well enough," she faltered, desperately. "You know they all expect you will marry Maud, and—"

Frank laughed, and suddenly caught her in both his arms and kissed her.

"Don't struggle, Irma—you are my little darling, arn't you? You love me, don't you? Because I love you so very dearly, Irma! dear little Irma! Maud knows I never shall marry her, and I know I shall marry you, shan't I?"

"Oh, Frank!" She whispered it shyly, blissfully, as she looked into his handsome face. "You ought not to love me and lose 'Laurelton.' Indeed, I'm not worth so much."

"I consider myself the best judge of that, Miss Cloudesley! Perhaps you think, in your humility, that you are not more to me than ten thousand 'Laurelton's'?"

"And I—really—am *I*, Frank?"

He kissed her over and over again.

"Shall we go to dinner—or, has your appetite vanished? Mine has, after such nectar as your kisses."

She laughed, then he saw her beautiful mouth begin to quiver.

"Frank—you won't be angry, will you? promise me! it wasn't my fault, truly, bnt grandma's."

She looked so wistfully at him, and her language was so puzzling, that he laughed outright.

"Angry?—never! Promise you?—anything!"

She leaned her head forward, so he could not see her face.

"I am not Irma Cloudesley, but Irma Ransom. Sister Florence and I changed identities with Maud and Ida, who are really the Misses Cloudesly. So, after all, Frank, you shall have 'Laurelton' —if you will take it. Will you—with me?"

That of course settled it, since Frank was so anxious to have Irma. And so, after all, Aunt Sara's *ruse of war* accomplished the desired end, on the unalterable principle that she and the rest of us women understand, that men are stubborn creatures, who are sure to do just exactly contrary to the way you want them to do.

The Fourth Courtship.

Women often wait for a husband that is pretty until they wait too long. It also happens to men sometimes. So it was with Mr. Griffith. When he was young he was in love with a beautiful girl, but when he became a man he thought he could get some one richer and prettier also and while he was thus thinking the opportunity was lost—she had married another.

And now, reader, imagine that you are standing behind the door of the dining-room, listening to Mr. Griffith and his housekeeper's conversation.

"You ought to have a husband, Lou."

"And I think, Mr. Griffith, you ought to have a wife."

"That's so, Lou; but pshaw, I don't believe in the women, as they are now-a-days. But when I think of it, they were not much better when I was young."

"Why so?"

"Ah, you've never heard of my three courtships! I thought everybody knew all about them."

"Well, upon my word, I don't know anything about them; but I should, indeed, like to know. Ah ha, so you've been in love, too, have you?"

"Yes, Louisa, indeed I have, twice, even three times. The first is not worth mentioning, but the second is. Well, I clerked in a large grocery store; the owner's daughter was the one I set my cap for. She was very pretty and also very rich. Well, to be short I loved her dearly. I visited her several times, but every time she was visited by another young man, whose name was Fritz. I don't know which one of us she liked best. You know how very slow and safe I am about everything, and so I am in love matters. This will not do in love matters in this country, and so let me tell you what happened. One morning I thought I'd make a sure thing of it; so I dressed up in my very best clothes, put my stove-pipe hat on one-sided, and off I went. No sooner had I opened the hall door than there came Fritz running down stairs, half losing his breath. He ran against me at the same time knocking my fine hat off, which he accidently stepped upon, and exclaimed, "you'll please excuse me, but I'm so glad, that I can't help my foolishness. Say, what do you think? I've won her! How do you like that, sir?" I didn't say anything, but went home, and never mentioned the hat."

"That was the second; tell me now about the third!" said Louisa.

"Well, I was then forty years old. I had been out traveling, and was just stopping at a small town in France, when I noticed the smallest feet I ever saw on a woman; they were not hidden by a long dress, but neatly covered with snow-white stockings and slippers. In fact, she was a perfect beauty. She had a basket on her arm which contained flowers. I stepped up to her and asked her how she sold them. She told me, and I bought all she had. I continued buying from her for three weeks, when one day I bought all she had to sell. I took my flowers and left, when suddenly she came running to me saying: 'Thank you sir, I am very much obliged to you!' 'For what?' said I. 'Oh, sir, I can't thank you enough, you have done me such a favor.' 'How?' said I. 'Oh, sir, by buying my flowers; you see, sir, I had a sweetheart, and his mother wouldn't let me marry him until I had one hundred dollars cash, and now, thank goodness, I have it. So to-morrow I mean to get —' 'Hush!' I exclaimed at the top of my voice. But she wouldn't hush until she had finished telling me how the wedding was to come off. At last she hushed her talking. I went home, and afterdays left the town."

"But Mr. Griffiths, do tell me about the first courtship."

"My first sweetheart loved another also. I could have wedded her if I had not been too slow and bashful, but she was engaged to this other man, and so she married him. I have had awful bad luck with women, and never will have anything more to do with them any more."

"But she was engaged, wasn't she?"

"Engaged! pooh! I believe they are all engaged! Anyhow, she was the daughter of a large plantation owner. Her name was Lilly Fones, and I tell you she was a perfect little beauty."

"Fones! Lilly Fones! Oh, my God! I am she. I was once the happy Lilly Fones, but now—(she burst into tears) —I am only Mrs. Rummel."

"Too bad, Mrs. Rummel. But what became of your husband?"

"He is dead."

"And just think you have been my housekeeper five years now, and I never knew this before. But I guess things will turn out right at last."

And they surely did. Louisa is no longer Mrs. Rummel, but the honored wife of Captain Griffith.

A Parisian Superstition.

I was in a Paris *pension* a year and a half ago, perhaps, when a quite wealthy occupant, a man of forty or fifty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself. When the event became known a gentleman came to the house, anxious and eager to obtain a piece of the rope with which the suicide had ended his days. And why? Oh, there is nothing else in the world so sure to insure good fortune as that, was the enthusiastic and confident reply. I remember the incident because it was to me an entirely new "old woman's notion," and I am now reminded of it by a similar superstition attached to a very wealthy American named John Burke, who has just died in this city at the Grand Hotel. The story told of him and the accumulation of his immense fortune is this: A dozen years ago he was a poor, vagabondish fellow eager to make money, but saturated with the idea that the only thing which would insure him success would be to secure a piece of rope with which some one had been hanged. It happened that he was in Omaha when the negro Jack Cannon was lynched on Town's Hill, and to get a piece of that rope became at once the object of his life. To detail the risks, dangers, and disgusting adventures attendant upon his securing it would be tiresome; but he got it, and from that time the star of his fortune rose. Before he died, which was five days ago, he requested his physician to put the rope, which he always carried with him, in his coffin, which was acceded to. This is the account as given by one of the Paris journals, and is enough to set all the superstitious vagabonds on the two continents on the *qui vive* for a bit of magic hemp.—*Paris Correspondent.*

Society People.

This is popularly supposed to be a country where the proud man's contumely is not felt, where common sense does not recognize artificial distinctions, and merit has a sort of social recognition independent of the style in which a man parts his hair or trims his whiskers. But experience has demonstrated that a great many theoretical advantages of the supposed spirit of our form of government are imaginary. It is perfectly natural for society to fall into classes, and, if there are no artificial barriers, we are all satisfied in knowing that the entree into the one circle is as easy as into another, if you happen to possess, or are able to acquire, the requisites. There is nothing to prevent a man, in this country, from becoming a horse-doctor and marrying the horse-leech's daughter, and if he chooses to run up tailor bills, part his hair in the middle, and doesn't smell of soap-fat, the chances are he may become one the ornaments of what is called society.

Society is all well enough in its way; people can't be young always and it is a means of making the most of the brief years of the flush of life, health and beauty. It must be a close corporation in which the male members are expected to take a certain amount of stock, to be paid up instalments, to the hack drivers and opera houses. People can't afford to be bored in this brief and artificial life of vanity, and if the sprightlier members put up with insipidity occasionally, it is because the wit of the drama or the strains of Thomas' orchestra are in some measure a compensation. The scientific man cannot expect to drop on a party of young bucks whose ambition is in the best fitting boot, and girls who are justly vain of a tapering well-rounded arm, with the bright bracelet thereon, and expect to have the floor for an expression of his views on the Darwinian theory. Your scientific man must dance the German or he will go under; he must part his hair in the middle, or the chief clerk of the international tea store will get all the favors of the day. So he has no right to complain, nor has the man who persists in wearing a shabby-genteel coat, when he is able to get a better one. Society, as it is called, makes her own laws, and there is too much cheap sarcasm about it.

If a beautiful woman has the means and the opportunity she naturally seeks society; if she has the usual womanly penetration she quickly detects the weaker and exalts the better man. It is a field for her where all candidates are expected to enter. The lists are open to all. It is only when she or she is permitted the use of all the aids to personal beauty. The factories of the world are busy to weave her fair raiment. The artificiality of society permits her to assume graces and expressions that are foreign to every-day life. Where are all the little arts of coquetry after her marriage—the little tricks of pouting. The poise of the head, the arch glance from the side-turned head? Even her fan, the one of silk, with the Watteau painting on it, the cupids and all, is laid away in the trunk to serve only as a memento of the old days of coquetry, and that night of the ball, when it did wonders in the way of encouragement and whispered love in the zephyrs it wafted.

So far it is well enough. We all know that the material of society is not permanent; that the queens reign only a few seasons; but it is even more full of absurdities than it ought to be. It has more miseries, outside of tight boots, than it ought to have. Society, of the kind we speak of, is for the benefit of our girls, and affection is often unnatural and expected. Women must be more exclusive than men, for character with them is of a more delicate structure. But when a man—a voter, mind you, who mingles in daily life with men of all kinds; who is worsted and beaten daily in the struggle; who has every opportunity of finding out his mental calibre—sets himself up as a superior sort of person because he happens to be a society man, it is to be supremely absurd. Perhaps it is the duty of every man to black his boots, or have them blacked, and to wear a clean shirt; but why a certain cut of coat and a silk hat should raise a man above the acquaintance of his old-time friends, is something anomalous in American society.

This struggle for social prominence with us is getting to be a serious matter. It is destroying all recognition of patient merit. Unlike in countries where there are established classes, and where there are unbroken friendships throughout life, a man's intimacy with friends is not proof against such a paltry thing as the difference between the plug hat and the baser styles. What becomes of a gentleman recently disaster overtake the family? Where are the memories of the grand old days, twenty years ago, when the lordly head of the family entertained the great circle of friends? The guests of those golden days may ride now behind carriages of trumped-up crests and monograms, and be cut by the members of that household whose prosperity they then tasted. Society the world over is hollow enough, and this is natural; but it is a problem whether this feverish civilization that has sprung up since the war has not made permanent some odious features of American life. There is no other society like it, and the number of male idiots of an obscure origin who tailor bills is daily owe increasing.

Something to Set us Thinking.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will be alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told;" a dream; an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels toward the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the new blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love hope and joy pass away in ninety years and be forgotten! "Ninety years," says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold to day and tomorrow, and every day are mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not!"

A Wonderful Plant.

In an address delivered before the British Association for the advancement of science, Dr. Hooker exhibited a wonderful plant called Dionial. A Liverpool paper, in an account of it, says: "A fly was captured and put upon a leaf, which instantly closed, and on reopening it was found that the fly was completely dissolved. A bit of beef was afterward consumed in the same way. The leaf was then fed with cheese, which disagreed with it horribly, and eventually killed it. Dr. Hooker explained that the plant's action was precisely similar to that of the human stomach. The leaf rejected a piece of wet chalk."

AGRICULTURAL.

FODDER CORN AND HUNGARIAN GRASS.—Prof. Atwater ends his lesson in the September number of the *American Agriculturist* by saying: "To economize in feeding, see that the fodder contains plenty of nitrogen. And this for two reasons: because stock cannot digest their food completely without it, and because they need albuminoids for their nutrition." The "walks and Talks" lesson begins by giving a table compiled by Dr. Harlan, of Wilmington, Delaware, showing the amount of nitrogen in a ton of different crops.

"A ton of Hungarian millet has twenty pounds, a ton of green clover twelve pounds, a ton of green corn four pounds. If the Hungarian millet is meant what we call Hungarian grass, or millet, then by mixing equal parts of green corn and millet we have in the mixture a food as rich in nitrogen as green clover. If there is no mistake about this, it is a very important lesson. Fodder corn, which has not nitrogen enough to make it a first-class food, finds, in Hungarian grass, a friend that has more of that material than the law, as laid down by Prof. Atwater, allows good fodder to need: but, by putting their nitrogen into a common purse and then dividing equally, they can both stand in the presence of clover which has been considered both king and queen of fodder.

"Some experiments in feeding fodder corn this season satisfied me that the same law which governs the time for cutting rye, oats and grass, to get the most milk, governs green corn. When in leaf and before it tassels, is the time to cut to have the cows give the most milk from what they eat of it. A lot of cows that averaged eight quarts a day on sweet corn fodder, tasseled and silked, when fed on ground seed corn in leaf, not tasseled, though it stood six feet high, other conditions, as far as I know, being equal, gave an average of nine quarts per day.

PASTURING MEADOWS.—I know of some farmers that almost as soon as the hay crop is removed turn stock upon the meadow, and let it remain there during the growing season, and the consequence is, that a productive meadow will become impoverished by this ruinous course, so that in a few years it will not produce one-half what it did formerly. Then the owner begins to find fault and thinks it has run out and wants ploughing up, never once taking a sensible view of the matter. Some meadows are naturally rich in fertilizing properties, or perhaps have the wash of a stock-yard, or by some means are kept up in a high state of productiveness that will bear to be pastured to a certain extent. But cattle should not be allowed to come on a meadow until the second growth has attained considerable size, and then they should be removed before eating too close. And I thing another important matter is in keeping up the fertility of the soil, and to keep the grass before the seed is ripe. The hay is better and the fertilizing properties required from the soil to mature the seed it retained. I have three acres of meadow and one year I decided to leave the second growth on to rot down. Now, what do you think my neighbors thought about it? Some said it would go crazy; others said, "O, it is too bad that you leave so much nice grass on your meadow;" but I told them they should wait till the coming summer, that we would talk the matter over. The crop realized from my meadow was six tons of hay. The best crop before was about four tons. We would advise farmers not to be afraid to leave on a little grass in the fall.—D. N. Kern in *Practical Farmer.*

THE TRUE TEST OF VEGETABLES.—Large vegetables may indicate good strong soil, thorough culture and high manuring, but it is a question in my mind whether the mammoth things should always receive the first award. At the table where we give the true test to vegetables size does not rank as a very important attribute. I was astonished to see so little tasting and examination of texture by the committee that judged the vegetables. No man is thoroughly capable of passing upon the relative merits of specimens in this class unless he can go more than skin deep in the matter. I never saw so perfect an exhibition of garden products as was shown at the State Fair. There was earnest and close competition. Still in the awarding of prizes I saw no judging of quality by taste, which is the true test. The prizes may be awarded correctly, but not as the result of comparison of quality. A man may know vegetables so well as to judge from the constant surface attributes that accompany first quality, but I have failed to meet the man yet who considers himself so skillful as this. The judges of apples would consider it absurd to pass upon the value of an apple by its size and complexion alone. Is it not equally unjust to pass upon beets, potatoes and turnips in this way? The quality of these vegetables is just as apparent to the connoisseur if they are covered by a layer of fluid. 5. Ozone acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane of the nostrils and air-passages, as all observers have previously remarked.

What makes Water Hard.—But, though insoluble in pure water which is already charged with carbonic acid, and as all rain-water brings down carbonic from the air, it is capable of taking up carbonate of lime from the soils and rocks through which it filters; and it thus happens that all springs and rivers, that rise in localities in which there is any limestone, calcareous rock, become more or less charged with carbonate of lime kept in solution by an excess of carbonic acid. This is what gives the peculiar character to water which is known as "hardness;" and a water hard enough to curdle soap may be converted into a very "soft" water (as the late Prof. Clark, of Aberdeen, showed) by the simple addition of lime-water, which, by combining with the excess of carbonic acid, causes the precipitation of all the lime in solution in the form of insoluble carbonate, which gradually settles to the bottom, leaving the water clear.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Makaroff's Mats.—As a substitute for sails in stopping leaks in ships, Lieutenant Makaroff, a young officer serving in the Russian navy, designed a mat of peculiar construction. The Makaroff mat has for its basis a closely worked structure of rope about ¾ inch in diameter, made of the finest hemp, while the matlike surface closely resembles that common to all mats of the kind used for street doors. The texture of the mat is wonderfully close; and as the whole is treated with a water proof composition, it may be regarded as practically impermeable to water. The hairy side of the mat is that applied to the ship's side, and it is stated—and we see no reason to doubt the statement—that these mats may be dragged over jagged edged holes in iron plates without sustaining any injury.

Nickelization.—In Plazanet's process a bath is used of 87·5 parts sulphate of nickel, 20 sulphate of ammonia, 17 citric acid, and 1,250 of water. A bath much used in France is formed of a solution of 4 parts of nitrate of nickel in 4 of liquid ammonia, and 150 water in which 50 parts of sulphate of soda have been dissolved. Using a moderate weak current the operation is at an end in a few minutes. There is no need to interrupt it by taking the objects out and brushing them. When the film of nickel is of sufficient thickness, the objects are withdrawn from the bath and dried in sawdust.

Pneumatic Pontoons.—Knapp's open-bottom pneumatic jacks or pontoons are attached by chains passing under the wreck, and the chaining is ingeniously effected by means of a small tube passed under the wreck, through which a float and line attached to the cable are drawn. Compressed air is then admitted to the pontoons, which instantly give the lifting power. The advantages of this system consist in easy management and the possibility of being used in exposed situations; and it appears to be extensively patronized.

Among the best bearings for water wheels are those composed of good oak, rock maple, or lignum vitæ.

Shingle roofs can be made doubly durable by giving them a coat of thin oil before they get wet.

—The castor bean is now cultivated in Kansas, and a castor oil factory has been erected at Fort Scott.

SCIENTIFIC.

How House Air is Spoiled.—The following facts will show how the air in houses becomes contaminated:

1. An adult person consumes 34 grammes of oxygen per hour, a gramme being equal to 15 grains.

2. A stearin candle consumes about one half as much.

3. An adult gives off 40 grammes per hour of carbonic acid. A child of 50 lbs. weight gives off as much as an adult of 100 lbs. weight.

4. A schoolroom filled with children will, if not well ventilated at the beginning of the hour, contain 25 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid, at the end of the first hour 41, and end of the second hour 81.

5. The air is also spoiled by the perspiration of the body, and by the volatile oils given out through the skin. An adult gives off through the skin in 24 hours from 500 to 800 grammes of water mixed with various excrements, poisonous if breathed.

6. A stearin candle gives off per hour 0·4 cubic feet of carbonic acid, and 0·03 lbs of water.

7. Carbonic oxide is a much more dangerous gas than carbonic acid, and this obtains entrance to our rooms in many ways, through the cracks in stoves and defective stovepipes, or when the carbonic acid of the air comes in contact with a very hot stove and is converted into carbonic oxide. The dust of the air may, on a hot stove, be burnt to produce it; or it may flow out from our gas pipes when the gas is not perfectly consumed.

8. Another form of air injury is the dust of a fungus growth which fills the air in damp and warm places. We call it miasm from a want of a true knowledge of its character.

9. Accidental vapors are the crowning source of air poisoning. These are tobacco smoke, kitchen vapors, wash room vapors, and the like.

10. When we heat our houses and close them from outside air, the heat turns the mixture into a vile mess unfit for breathing. The only remedy is ventilation. Now that it is cold weather and our rooms are closed from free currents of outside air, let us look after the matter thoroughly and do our best to prevent injury to ourselves from polluted air.

Disease and the Faculty of Memory.—The faculty of memory is one of the first to be obviously affected by disease. When disease for a time seems to suspend the action of this faculty, or visibly to diminish it, the result is not looked upon as phenominal, for it is common and expected. But when disease increases the power of this faculty, a thing not uncommon, the patient is not unfrequently regarded as possessing more than human wisdom, and the case usually excites comment as one of great mystery. Dr. Steinbach mentions the case of a clergyman in York, being summoned to administer the sacrament to an illiterate peasant, found the patient praying aloud in Greek and Hebrew. The case was deemed wellnigh miraculous. After the peasant's death, it was found that he was accustomed in youth to hear the parish minister pray in those languages, and it was inferred that he must have been repeating remembered words without understanding their meaning. Dr. Abercrombie relates the circumstances of a more remarkable case. A poor shepherd-girl was for a time accustomed to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by an itinerant musician. The man was an artist by education, a lover of his profession, and often spent a large portion of the night in practising difficult compositions. The violin was his favorite instrument. At last the shepherd-girl fell ill, and was removed to a charitable institution. Here the attendants were amazed at hearing the most exquisite music in the night, in which were recognized finely-rendered passages from the best works of the old masters. The sounds were traced to the shepherd-girl's room, where the patient was found playing the violin in her sleep. Awake, she knew nothing of these things, and exhibited no capacity for music.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Ever since Schoenbein showed that a mouse shut up in an atmosphere of ozone died in about five minutes, a notion has prevailed that ozone acts in an energetic way on the animal body; but until these experiments were made, scarcely anything was known of the subject. The conclusions, as stated by the experimentalists, are: 1. That the inhalation of an atmosphere highly charged with ozone diminishes the number of respirations per minute. 2. The pulsations of the heart are reduced in strength, and the heart is found beating feebly after the death of the animal (experimented on). 3. The blood is always found in a venous condition in all parts of the body, both in cases of death in an atmosphere of ozonized air and of ozonized oxygen. (In this particular the action resembles that of carbonic acid.) 4. Ozone exercises a destructive action on the living animal tissues if brought into immediate contact with them; but it does not affect them so much if they are covered by a layer of fluid. 5. Ozone acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane of the nostrils and air-passages, as all observers have previously remarked.

TO ASCERTAIN if a plant wants fresh potting, turn it carefully out of the pot with the earth attached to it, and examine the roots. If they are matted about the sides and bottom of the ball, the plant evidently requires fresh potting. Then carefully reduce the ball of earth to about a third of its original bulk; single out the matted roots and trim away all that are moldy and decayed. Probably the same pot may then be large enough, but if it requires a larger one, it should be about two inches broader for middle-sized plant; three or four for a large plant. If the roots are not matted but the pots are filled with fibers, keep the ball entire and carefully plant it in a larger pot. At the top of a large pot, and a small one, half an inch should be left for the reception of water, without danger of overflow. A little gravel, charcoal, or pieces of broken pots should always be placed at the bottom for drainage.

SHEEP on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil. Prove this? There is no need of proof to those who have kept sheep, and know their habits and the profits they yield. To prove it to those who have not the experience, it is necessary they they should try the experiment or accept the testimony of an experienced shepherd.

AN ENGLISH farmer accidentally dropped a grain of wheat among some seeds he was sowing in his garden, and "having a curiosity to protect it gave it every chance to come to perfection." The result was 63 heads (40 very large) containing 3044 counted kernels not including some picked away by an enterprising hen. He leaves readers to draw their own conclusions, only adding that as a result of frequent investigation, he never found more than 25 ears to one root growing in his fields.

SHEEP on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of aminals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil.

THE best plan for storing cabbages is to lay down two rails 4 to 6 inches apart, and then place the cabbages head downwards on them, leaving the roots exposed; then turn a furrow towards them on each side, and by the aid of the spade cover the head with 4 to 6 inches of earth; select a dry place where water does not stand.

THERE are over 2,700 varieties of apples known by over 1,800 names; 2,200 of pears, 200 of cherries, 150 of plums, 300 of our native grapes, 50 of currants, 80 of raspberries and 30 of blackberries, according to a counting up of somebody.

A MALE egg, one that will hatch out a rooster, has on its pointed end, small folds and wrinkles, while a female egg has no wrinkles and is perfectly smooth at both ends and well rounded.

DOMESTIC.

RECEIPT BOOKS.—Allow me to suggest to all thrifty housekeepers that they make their own receipt books. A blank book having its pages numbered can be obtained for a small sum of any dealer in stationery. Do not write any receipts save those that have been tried by yourself or friends. Have it arranged systematically, by being divided into different departments, as one for meats, another for vegetables, breads, pies, puddings, &c. Have an index, and allow space at the end of every different department, both there and in the body of the book, in which to make entries at future times. Any obliging housekeeper will be not only willing but glad to give you receipts and rules for making different dishes; then write them out *definitely*, for it is of fully as much importance that a dish be properly mixed and cooked, as that the proper proportions be used. It may, at first thought, look like a hard task, but have it lying handy and write in it at odd moments, and you will be surprised at the progress you will make, and then, when made, you will have such a feeling of reliability about it, for you *know* what it is; no experimenting there. I have one which I commenced fifteen years ago, and I would not give it for any one I have ever seen published. And what a treasure such a book would be to a daughter commencing housekeeping—all written in mother's handwriting, and tested by her good judgment and mature wisdom!

THE FUMES OF CABBAGE.—Many persons are fond of cabbage, but not at all fond of the unpleasant fumes which penetrate the entire house during the process of boiling. Therefore we recommend a manner of cooking that renders the vegetable so pleasant to the taste as to obliterate all prejudice against its free use. Reduce the cabbage to small pieces nearly fine enough for slaw, then stew for half an hour in a covered saucepan with not enough water to cover it; when done, drain off the water and season with salt, pepper, and a liberal quantity of butter, using vinegar on the table. Served in this way, you have a nice vegetable, much more delicate than boiled cabbage, and suitable to eat with any kind of meat you may chance to have on hand.

PURIFYING CIDER BARRELS.—A correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* accomplishes it this way: I cleansed a cask that had boiled cider in it; it is as sweet as a new one. I put about two quarts of lime in it and filled it with water and let it stand 24 hours, then turned it out and rinsed thoroughly with water. Then I took a piece of sheet iron and made a funnel shaped cup that would go into the bung hole, riveted a narrow piece of hoop iron to it, about 18 inches long, then put a red hot bolt into the cup and filled it with sulphur, and put it into the barrel and cleansed the vents and bung. I let it stay about five hours then rinsed well and it was all right. The handle to the cup makes it easy to fumigate barrels.

AN IMPROVED DUMPLING FOR CHICKEN, STEWS, &c.—With one quart of sifted flour mix one teaspoonful of salt, two of cream of tartar, and one of soda. Pour in sweet milk and stir until the mixture is just thick enough to form into biscuit. Place them upon the largest sized round baking tin, and set the tin in a steamer over the kettle where the chicken is boiling. Steam about forty minutes. Thicken and season the broth, break the biscuit apart and drop them in the gravy, boil ten minutes and serve. These are said to retain their lightness not falling as they become cool.

OFFENSIVE CISTERN WATER.—The bad odor so often complained of is mainly due to the presence of fine particles of decaying vegetable matter. The best way to avoid it is to pass the water through a filter before it goes into the cistern. What is termed a double cistern is the most convenient method of filtering—that is a partition of brick is put in, which answers for a filter. For temporary relief from offensiveness, sink a bag of charcoal in the water. This will not purify it, but remove in a great part the unpleasant smell.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Chop six apples fine, grate six ounces of stale bread, add six ounces of brown sugar, and six ounces of currants, washed carefully and floured. Mix all well together with six ounces of butter, a cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been thoroughly mixed. Spice to taste. If necessary, add more milk in mixing. Put in a pudding bag, tie loosely, and boil three hours. To be eaten with cream sauce.

SALVE FOR CHAPPED HANDS, ETC.—The following is a well-tested, excellent remedy for chapped hands and sores of this nature. Put together equal weights of fresh unsalted butter, tallow, beeswax, and stoned raisins; simmer until the raisins are done to a crisp, but not burned. Strain and pour into cups to cool. Rub the hands thoroughly with it, and though they will smart at first they will soon feel comfortable and heal quickly.

FRUIT FOR DESSERT.—Beat well the white of an egg with a little water; dip the fruit in, and roll it immediately in some fine crushed sugar; place it on a dish and leave it five or six hours, then serve. A more lightly and exquisite dessert than a plate of currants, thus dressed, cannot be had.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID.—Beat an egg until very light, add seasoning to the taste; then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hardened; this will take about two minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress very sensitive stomachs.

THE best way to admit pure air in the night (where windows are the only mode of ventilation) is to open the sleeping-room into a hall where there is an open window in order to avoid the draught. A window with a small opening at top and bottom ventilates more than one with one opening only.

THE BEST WAY TO COOK CODFISH.—Strip it of its skin, and cut it in pieces about the size of ones hand; place it in water, and allow it to simmer on the stove until it becomes tender. It should never be allow to boil. Boiling hardens and darkens the fish, and deprives it of its flavor.

PAPERING AND PAINTING are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more in warm weather, while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking in it.

TO EXTRACT INK from cotton, silk and woolen goods saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—The appearance of old wall paper will be very much improved by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in dry Indian meal. It removes the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread are equally efficacious.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Scald half a pint of Indian meal, half a pint of the same dry; flour, and stir all into a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of butter and one egg. Spread very thin on the griddle.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat to a cream ½ pound of butter and ½ pound of sugar, stir in 8 eggs well beaten, a grated nutmeg; flavor with lemon; bake in a buttered dish one-half hour and serve cold.

CREAM ON ONIONS.—Putting cream on onions instead of butter (or even a little milk if one has no cream